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"Seize him, Brownie! Drag him off! That's a brave fellow!"

OLD CRIZZLY, THE BEAR-TAMER; Wild Huntress of the Rocky Mountains.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS.

Nephew of Old Grizzly Adams, and author of "The Phantom Princess; or, Ned Hazel, the Boy Trapper," "The Blackfoot Queen; or, Old Nick Whiffles in the Valley of Death," etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE YOUNG EAGLE SHOWS HIS TALONS.

WHEN Alfred Badger found himself a captive in the hands of the Blackfeet, his first thought was for his old friend, the bear-tamer; and, as they bore him forward, he cast many anxious glances on every side to discover if he, too, had met the fate that had befallen himself. But he saw no evidence of the old hero's capture, and there was comfort in the thought that he had escaped—so much, indeed, that Alfred did not even doubt of his own ultimate release.

On reaching the vicinity of the village, the captives and captor were met by the entire population, save those who were still out in pursuit of the bear-tamer and he who had so recently escaped their clutches; and there ensued a scene of extravagant joy and display of gratified revenge, that fairly beggars description.

Surrounded on all sides by howling braves and screaming squaws and children, the prisoner was borne forward toward the village, where the chiefs and older warriors were already assembled to decide his fate. As though taking a lesson from the rapidly with which events were transpiring, the Indians had determined to act promptly in this case, and, by so doing, place the captive beyond the possibility of rescue.

With this view, Alfred Badger was led directly to the council-house, where, pausing a moment, he was exhibited to the assembled chiefs and then taken away to the strong lodge, for safe keeping.

In the present case, the assembling of the council to decide upon the fate of the prisoner was a mere matter of form. He was doomed from the moment of capture; but custom prevailed, and the lodge was assembled.

As a well-known warrior rose to speak, the moment the council was opened, Big Hand, the head chief, exclaimed: "Let Iron Heel speak. His words shall be heard."

Instantly a profound silence fell upon the assembly, and presently the deep, full voice of the Blackfoot brave broke the silence.

"Two moons have passed since Iron Heel led the warriors of Big Hand against the villages that lie far toward the rising sun. We burned their villages and took

many scalps. While on the return path my brothers' hearts were filled with gladness, while Iron Heel came back to his lodge in sorrow. Wan-ni-toi, the son of Iron Heel, fell before the rifle of the white man. The lodge of Iron Heel is lonely. Soon the snows of winter will whiten his hair and stiffen the limbs that are now strong. Who will then provide the lodge of Iron Heel with buffalo, and the skins of the wild animals to clothe himself and squaws? The White Buffalo has gone. I must have another in his place. By his right as warrior of the Blackfeet, Iron Heel demands that the white captive be brought into the council. He will adopt him as the son he has lost in battle, and the warrior drew himself up, and glanced proudly around the circle of scowling faces.

Had a hand-grenade been thrown into the midst of the assembled chiefs and braves, the effect would not have been more startling. With one impulse the braves sprung to their feet, and instantly the lodge became a scene of intense excitement, but the harsh commands of Big Hand soon reduced the excited braves to order.

"The words of Iron Heel have entered our ears," said the chief. "He is a great warrior, and the Blackfeet are proud of his deeds. They mourn with him in the loss of Wan-ni-toi, for no braver heart nor stronger arm went into battle with our enemies. But has Iron Heel thought well over his purpose? When has white blood ever proven other than the enemy of the red-man? Will not my brother fear that he may take a snake into his lodge?"

"He has thought," answered the brave. "The spirit of Wan-ni-toi has told him to take the white warrior to his lodge. I have spoken."

Again were the murmurs of dissent heard, and vengeful eyes glared upon the determined brave. But they were powerless to interfere. Iron Heel possessed the right, by reason of customs handed down from remote generations, and they dared not interfere, for that custom had become a law.

"Let the white captive be brought into the council," said Big Hand.

In a few moments Alfred Badger stood, without bonds, in the presence of the assembled Blackfeet.

There was yet one hope for the discontented. If the prisoner refused the proffered adoption, and preferred death at the stake, then would the purpose of Iron Heel be defeated.

An involuntary murmur of admiration went round the grim circle, as the young man stepped to the center. His splendid physical development, so clearly indicating extraordinary strength and activity; the clear, unflinching gray eye, and undaunted bearing, together with the fact of his having behaved so gallantly during the combat of the morning, all served to impress the warriors, who admired nothing so much as the characteristics we have mentioned.

Without further discussion of the matter, the chief, Big Hand, who spoke English sufficiently well for all necessary purposes, put the question of adoption into the tribe, with startling abruptness to the young man.

Before Alfred could reply, however, Iron Heel again demanded to be heard.

He explained to the captive his motive in thus acting—drew a pathetic picture of his loneliness since the death of his favorite son—told him that old age was creeping fast upon him, and asked that, instead of going to the stake, he would consent to enter his lodge and fill the place that was vacant.

To the young hunter the proposition was startling in the extreme. He had come to consider death as certain, unless the bear-tamer should succeed in rescuing him. Of this new phase of the matter he had never even dreamed.

But he was not long in deciding the question. The act of accepting the adoption did not bind him not to attempt escape at the first opportunity. At any rate time would be gained, and that was every thing.

As though actuated by a sudden impulse, he strode across the open space within the circle to where Iron Heel stood, and frankly extended his hand to the brave. With an exclamation of joy, the latter grasped the proffered member, and again glanced around with a smile of triumph.

"Pe-toh-pee-kiss—the Young Eagle—is welcome to the heart of Iron Heel. He shall be to him as his eldest son," he said.

The ceremony of adoption was fixed for the next day, and, until that was performed, Alfred must still remain, ostensibly, a

prisoner. At a sign from the chief, he was led from the council chamber to the strong lodge.

The council was about to break up when, suddenly, there arose from without a series of wild and startling yells that evidently boded no good to the prisoner.

For an instant Iron Heel paused to listen; and then, as the sounds grew more furious, he dashed from the lodge, closely followed by the others—the chief, Big Hand, among the number.

Nor was the warrior too quick in his motions, for a single glance showed that he was on the point of losing his newly-adopted son.

On leaving the council-house, attended by his guards, Alfred Badger found the open space that surrounded the building, densely crowded with warriors, young men and squaws, who, up to that moment, had maintained so profound a silence that none within knew of their presence there. The news had gone abroad in the village that the captive was to be adopted into the tribe, and, furious at losing their prey, they had gathered there to await his coming out. The guards saw at once that their charge was endangered, and closed up on either side, determined to protect him, at all hazards.

They were allowed to pass half-way across the open, when, at a signal from a tall warrior, the assault was suddenly made. The guards were seized and torn away, and the young hunter left standing alone, and unarmed in the midst of the infuriated multitude.

As the savages closed round him, yelling like demons, and brandishing their knives and tomahawks, the young hunter braced himself, and, as the leading savage came within reach, his right arm shot out with terrific force, catching the Blackfoot square between the eyes, and hurling him senseless to the earth.

Almost before the savage had measured his length, the young man had wrenched the light ax from his grasp, and turned, like a lion at bay, upon the pressing throng.

A second savage sprung forward, seeking to use his knife, but he went down with a cloven skull. And then, still whirling his weapon in rapid circles, Alfred changed the state of affairs and himself became the assailant.

His only chance lay in reaching the council-house, and thither he proceeded to cut his way.

So furious was his onslaught, so true the blows of the tomahawk in his powerful grasp, that the Indians bore back for a moment, leaving an almost open road to the desired goal.

But a new ally now appeared upon the scene. Iron Heel, tomahawk in hand, rushed to the rescue, scattering the young braves right and left as he came. In a moment he had reached the captive's side, where, placing one arm protectively upon his shoulder, he sternly bade the howling warriors stand back.

During the slight lull thus produced, Big Hand appeared, and at a few words from him, the crowd dispersed. But now the complexion of affairs were again changed, and even the brow of Iron Heel grew clouded as he surveyed the scene.

One warrior lay with skull cloven to the chin, a noted young brave, while two or three others bore ugly marks of the young hunter's prowess. Blood had again been shed, and that in the very heart of the Indian village!

It mattered not that it had been done in self-defense. A white man had slain a red warrior and there must be an account rendered.

Alfred Badger was borne off to the strong lodge, while preparations were made to again assemble the council to take into consideration the new position occupied by the captive.

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE OR DEATH.

EVENING has closed in upon the Indian village, and the chiefs and warriors whose deeds have earned the right to meet and deliberate upon the affairs of the tribes, have assembled in the council chamber to pass sentence, for life or death, upon the Young Eagle, the adopted son of Iron Heel.

Iron Heel still maintained his right to adopt the young man, and was determined to defend that right to the last. The young man had, even so soon, taken a deep hold upon the Indian's affections. A fancied resemblance to the dead son in the living one, strengthened the feeling, until the rugged

nature of the Indian was worked up to the highest pitch.

It was a stormy meeting, and the scowling faces, and the dark hands that more than once grasped the handles of their knives, threatened again and again to break out in open rupture. A hair's breath, as it were, saved them more than once, and it was hard to predict what the result would be.

With rude but forcible eloquence, Iron Heel pleaded for the life of the young captive. He maintained that recent events had in no way lessened his right to adopt his son. He was already adopted, he declared: was a member of the tribe as much as any warrior present, and, as such, had the right to protect his life.

The young men of the tribe had assailed him while under the safeguard of Big Hand himself, and he appealed to the chief to say whether or not the assailed was right to defend himself.

In reply to this, the majority insisted that the present was an exceptional case; that they had, with the assistance of the Young Eagle, been robbed of their hated enemy, the Red Avenger, the desolator of their tribe, who had been torn from their grasp; they must have a substitute in his stead. The Young Eagle had been captured in battle; he had slain half a dozen of their best warriors then, and now, besides that, he must begin his slaughter anew in their village and before their squaws. They must have a victim; if not the Avenger, then the Young Eagle.

Iron Heel now grew more furious than ever.

"Pe-toh-pee-kiss is no longer a white man," he exclaimed, with the passionate eloquence of his race; "he's an Indian! he's a Blackfoot as much as I am, or our great chief, Big Hand. He is not the son of the white man; he is my son; my child! What have I done?—what has my child done, that he should suffer death for the Red Avenger? Did not I gather the sticks and place them at his feet to burn him? Did not I pursue the white horse? Did I not fight to rescue him, and have I not the wounds still bleeding that I received in attempting to regain him for you? And for this, I am to lose the child of my adoption. Surely, the eyes of my brothers are blinded, and their hearts are shut, that they do not see the great wrong they seek to do me."

And the indignant warrior again laid his hand upon the knife in his girdle, and looked defiantly around, as if daring any one to gainsay his words.

"My brother speaks without thought," replied Big Hand, the great chief of the Blackfeet, in his deliberate way. "Who is there of Manitou's children that are braver than Iron Heel? Who is fatter of foot? Who bounds forward with greater delight than he, when the sound of the war-whoop is heard in the forest? At whose name do the Crows and Sioux tremble in their wigwams? Whose body bears the wounds of a hundred battles upon it? Whose lodgepole is hung with the scalp-locks of his enemies? It is that of Iron Heel, the bravest of the Blackfeet."

This truly eloquent apostrophe was accompanied with the most graceful gesture, and the whole thing was managed with such skill, that the tempest in the breast of the subject was greatly quieted, and he was prepared for what followed.

In the figurative way characteristic of the American Indian, the chief then proceeded to state his "compromise." Declaring that no one wished the blood of Young Eagle, he yet agreed with his warriors that he should be compelled to atone for his and the Red Avenger's crimes, so far as possible, if the latter could not be secured; yet, out of respect for the great warrior, Iron Heel, the execution should be delayed three days, during which every effort should be made to capture the Red Avenger; but, if three days passed without securing the great offender, then the Young Eagle should be compelled to take his place.

Like all compromises, this was unsatisfactory to both parties, each one believing that he was conceding too much. Iron Heel, earnestly, but less excitedly, still pleaded for the security of his adopted, toward whom he unquestionably held the strongest affection.

But it was useless. The chief had uttered his decision, and it was irrevocable. His own partisans applauded it, although much disappointed that their anticipated enjoyment was postponed for even so short a time as three days.

It was decided that the young white man should remain under strict surveillance until the expiration of the three days, when of course the decision of the council would be carried out. The moment the Avenger should be brought in, Young Eagle would be released, to suffer no molestation at the hands of the Blackfeet, who, therefore, would treat him as a friend and brother.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MOUNTAIN COMBAT.

"I must learn more of this," muttered the singular man, who left Old Grizzly so unceremoniously, as he strode rapidly away, heading straight for the mountain, up whose side the Wild Huntress had disappeared.

He labored hard before he found himself upon the summit of the foot-hills; but, reaching it, he detected the footprints of the horse and bear, marked so distinctly, that he followed them without difficulty.

He suspected at once that somewhere in the wildest fastnesses of this place the mysterious woman made her home.

"Wherever it is, I shall discover it," was the determination of the pursuer, and he at once pushed onward, across a shallow valley, and began breasting the rugged steep beyond.

The trail he was following led directly up the mountain, and, as the afternoon was now well advanced, he made extra exertions to hurry forward, so as not to permit the night to intervene between him and the success of his plans.

Up, up he toiled, the path, or rather way, growing more and more rugged and difficult.

As he advanced, the woods became thinner, and the rocks more abundant. Some of these were of great size, and the trail wound around them, with many deviations, but with a sharply defined distinctiveness, which proved that it had been used a long time, either by the white horse or wild animals.

Straining on, he was suddenly startled by an outcry, so furious in its character that he knew at once it proceeded from some animal laboring under intense rage or suffering pain.

But not from one creature alone did these outcries come. The guttural growls be-

tokened the presence of a bear, and the frenzied whinnying, the terrified horse; while, mingling with both, was the sharp, piercing screech of some wild beast of a different nature from both.

Above all was heard the ringing, but excited voice of a woman, her tones being more clear, making them far more penetrating in their power.

"Seize him! seize him, Brownie! That's a brave fellow! Crush him to death!"

Satisfied that some fearful combat was going on close at hand, the Avenger paused only long enough to make certain of the proper direction, and then he dashed forward with renewed energy and speed.

Leaping into a narrow gully, which sloped longitudinally up the mountain-side, he ran with great speed for a distance of a hundred yards or so, when, rifle in hand, he darted around the corner of an immense rock, where he found himself face to face with an appalling scene!

One of the fiercest and most dangerous animals of the North-west is known to hunters and trappers as the mountain panther, and even the renowned grizzly bear is not held in greater fear than he is. Fortunately he is scarce, else the dangers of the prairies would be doubled.

As the unknown dashed around the rock, he saw one of these dreaded animals engaged in a terrible combat with the white horse and bear, that always accompanied the huntress.

The panther had evidently leaped down from the rock where he was crouching, upon the horse as he passed beneath, and had landed directly upon the neck of his victim, that was now madly and furiously plunging in his endeavors to shake the fierce brute loose, while the brown bear, reared on his hind legs, was growling and doing his best to obey his mistress.

"Seize him, Brownie! Drag him off! That's a brave fellow!"

At the same time she was doing her utmost to gain a shot at the author of all this trouble, but the quick movements of all three made the result of a shot probably as dangerous to each of the trio, and she held back, hoping that she could induce the bear to drag the panther loose, so that she could make the shot sure and certain.

"Brownie! now, quick! at him!" she called, moving around and encouraging her singular pet.

The latter certainly did his best, and he did well. Striking his claws savagely into the flesh of the foe, he wounded him deeply and grievously, and did his utmost to pull him free from the terrified horse; but, with that strange persistency so frequently seen in the feline species, the panther clung only the closer and more determinedly.

The Red Avenger took in the situation at a glance. His whole frame thrilled again with excitement, and springing forward toward the horse, he drove his long hunting-knife deep into the side and back of the panther, exclaiming with set teeth:

"Take that, you brute, if nothing else will answer."

It was a terrible blow, and accomplished what the bear had been so vainly striving to do.

With a terrific yell, or screech of pain, the panther suddenly loosed her hold upon the horse's neck, and wheeling with the rapidity of thought, launched herself full upon the assailant, alighting fairly upon his shoulders, and bearing him backward to the earth.

It was now a struggle for life or death, and fired with pain and desperation, the daring man again drove his knife to the hilt in the body of the panther. The woman, seeing the imminence of his peril, became almost frantic in her endeavors to save his life; but, she saw, even in that dreadful moment, that it would not do for her to fire. The aim was too uncertain, so, with her own knife in hand, she advanced close to them, and stood ready to strike the decisive blow as soon as the opportunity should come, mean while shouting to her bear:

"Brownie, save him! quick!"

The bear appeared to understand fully what was required, and, following the rolling, struggling forms upon the earth for a few seconds, he finally struck a tremendous blow with his paw, the result proving how exceedingly difficult it was to befriend the endangered hunter; for, although the blow was well aimed, so rapidly were man and brute moving, that it fell upon the shoulder of the former, with stunning force, and rendering him practically helpless for the moment in the terrible combat in which he was engaged.

Delay was fatal, as the Avenger was completely at the mercy of the panther, that was excited to the highest pitch of fury by the wound he had received, and, as using her gun was out of the question, the woman clenched her stiletto-like knife, and stooped down so as to discern the spot where to strike.

In an instant the coveted opportunity was gained; and the knife was driven deep into the side of the panther, the point penetrating the vitals of the infuriated animal.

With an ear-splitting screech the panther sprang again in air; alighting on her feet, she made, with open mouth and staring eyes, straight at the huntress, as if she knew that it was the last chance to avenge herself upon her; but her strength gave out, and she rolled over on her side, perfectly lifeless.

The Avenger lay as motionless as the dead panther beside him, not yet having recovered from the stunning effect of the brown bear's blow.

"He breathes, and his heart beats," muttered the strange woman. "He has been roughly handled, poor fellow, but not fatally, thank Heaven. He needs a stimulant, and that, fortunately, I have at hand," and pausing a moment, she gazed earnestly at the pale face of the insensible man, as if perplexed by some undefined idea.

She turned and vanished as completely and entirely as though some "Open Sesame!" had adroitly led her into the solid face of the rock, which had as instantly closed behind her.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 82.)

Mr. Forrest once received from one of the supernumeraries of a theater an answer which seemed to satisfy him. It was the man's duty to say simply, "The enemy is upon us," which he uttered at a rehearsal in a poor, wailing way. "Can't you say it better than that?" said Forrest. "Repeat it as I do!" and he gave the words with all the force and richness of his magnificent voice.

"If I could say it like that," replied the man, "I wouldn't be working for three dollars a week." "Is that all you get?" "Yes." "Well, then, say it as you please."

COMPENSATION!

BY GRACE H. KOHR.

"It's pleasant, when you have got nothing to eat. To know that your neighbor must not taste meat."

"Because he's got the dyspepsia!"

"It's pleasant, when you have got little to wear. To know that your neighbor has got no hair—"

"Or what he's got—it is turning gray!"

"It's pleasant to know when you can not go out. Your neighbor, the nabob, has got the gout."

"And so, at home, is obliged to stay!"

"The pleasant, poor soul, when the oil is so dear. To know that your neighbor's oil is turning clear—"

"There's pain to him in a single ray."

"It's pleasant when you have got never a child. To hear that your neighbor's is growing wild—"

"And perhaps, who knows, he may run away."

"It's pleasant when debtors have made you feel cross. To know that old Shylock has had a loss—"

"The same as yours, on the self-same day!"

"It's pleasant when you have a foolish thing done. To know your friend Solomon has more than one—"

"It lessens some of the aggravation!"

"I can not say yet, that I ever have known, Why troubles of neighbors should lighten our own."

But, by some law, there is Compensation!

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "HOODWINKED," "HALL HAXON, THE CHEMIST," "THE WARNING ARROW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

A VILLAIN'S WOOING.

HAROLD HAXON was smiling as he paused before Harnden Forde and Eola.

But his eyes flashed a covert glance, first at Forde, to note the effect of his visit, and then at Eola, to feast, for a moment, on her loveliness.

The villain's reception was not very cordial. By the fair girl he was disliked; by Forde he was dreaded; and as the latter returned the salutation of his visitor, he said, in icy tones:

"Mr. Haxon, we are pleased to see you."

"Mr. Haxon, I hope you are in excellent health," and with these words, Eola resumed her seat, her gaze fixed upon something in the street which appeared more interesting than the studied gallantry Haxon brought to reply. Advancing to Forde, he whispered:

"You know you lied in saying you were pleased to see me! Nothing would gladden your heart more than to see me hanged!"

"Then you are not here to-day?"

"Yes."

"And you, Miss Forde"—drawing up a chair—"are you not more agreeable to your other friends than to me?"

"Perhaps."

"I fear you are in an ill-humor."

As she vouchsafed no rejoinder, he added:

"I think you might be more entertaining with an intimate acquaintance like myself. Come, let me hear you speak."

"Have you neither eyes nor ears, that you can not judge how distasteful it is to me to converse with you? I did not wish to be too rude; but if you were at all an educated gentleman, you would have understood my desires from the first!"

"Forde, acquaint your daughter with the fact that this thing will not do! Give her to understand that she must look upon me otherwise than she has been accustomed to, ever since my first visit. I am tired of this. I will not be trifled with, even to satisfy the whims of a foolish girl!" The words were short, sharp, quick; and, as Forde trembled beneath the serpent glitter of the eyes that fixed threateningly upon him, he said:

"My child—"

"Stop, father; what does Mr. Haxon mean by that tone? I am not used to hearing such from our visitors."

"Eola—"

"By the Powers I tell Eola what I am here for!" exclaimed Haxon, and the man over whose head he held a razored steel, liable to fall, strike, annihilate with one dread sweep, said, falteringly:

"My child, you must receive Mr. Haxon as in—more—he is to be—"

"Mr. Haxon, explain this," she demanded, spiritedly. "What is there between you and father? Tell me, sir."

"Shall I tell her?"

"Do!—do!" groaned Forde, avoiding his child's gaze, for he had not courage to look her in the face.

"Then I will, Eola—"

"Miss Forde, if you please."

The warm blood crimsoned her cheeks; but, before she could speak again, he went on:

"I have not been blind to the fact that, ever since the first moment of our acquaintance, you have looked upon me with open, positive indifference."

"Therefore, I am not much surprised that you met my recent proposal of marriage, through your father, with a must say, contempt. And I suppose a similar proposition, if made now, would be as promptly rejected."

"Undoubtedly, sir."

"Yes. But, Eola Forde, I am about to make another offer—"

"Save yourself the trouble."

"Because it is useless!" smiling sardonically.

"No, you can not be plain?"

"No, you can not. But"—his eyes reddening as he spoke—"you have now to learn that I do not come like a lover on bended knee! I love—love deeply. The object of that love is yourself. You must become my wife!"

"Sir—"

"Ay, must! Tell her, Forde, that when I say 'must,' I mean it in its fullest sense."

Eola looked from one to the other of the two in amazement. Haxon was acting strangely, with a mysterious air of command and intolerable presumption—this she saw, and, also, that her father cowered, almost helpless, at the extreme end of the sofa. Why did he not strike down her insulter?

"Mr. Haxon," she found voice to say, "tell me—"

"Never!—if death were the penalty of refusal. Never! Tell me how you dare use such language? What is your meaning? You have overstepped the utmost boundaries; but I forget it in demanding an explanation, for I would know what your words are prompted by!"

"Forde, tell your daughter she must become my wife."

The blood was mantling and receding from her transparent temples, and her bosom heaved with excitement.

"Eola, my child, you must marry Mr. Haxon; you—must!"

"Never! Never!" she cried, starting up. "Marry him?—her blue eyes lighting with a resentful fire, the finely-chiseled nostrils dilating, and her lovely face glowing in the scarlet of insult's creation—marry him! Must? You are mad! Not—sooner, the grave of a suicide! Sooner a slow death by torture! Sooner any thing than become his wife! I loathe, despise, hate him!" and, with hasty steps, she left them, the tears of anger and wounded pride should weaken her in the presence of one for whom contempt, abhorrence, disgust, would not adequately express her feelings.

Forde sat with head bowed—silent. Haxon moved restlessly in his chair. Eola's words cut like sword-thrusts, and boded ill for his prospects of making her his wife.

The power he wielded, and which was intended to crown his plot with ultimate success, must be exercised to its utmost in forcing the close alliance of the father, ere the daughter would comprehend the necessity of her sacrifice.

"Well, Forde, this is a bad beginning."

The reply was a low moan.

"Now, mark well, sir—I will have no more of this. Considering that Eola is in such a devilish humor, I'll wait until to-morrow, when I shall call again; and see to it that she receives me as her future husband."

"Harold Haxon, have pity. My child does not love you—"

"I should say she didn't!"

"And I fear I can not govern her in this step."

"But you must! I have sworn to have her for my own, and I am determined that no combination on earth shall thwart my object!"

"But if I fail?"

"If you fail—then I have a paper which may teach you what it is to fail!"

Forde's head drooped again upon his breast, and a heavy sigh escaped his lips.

At this juncture, the silver tinkle of an electric bell was heard, and, struggling to his feet, Forde said:

"Come—to dinner."

Haxon nodded his glossy locks, and followed to the dining hall.

Eola did not join them at table, for, had been able to look into her boudoir, we should have seen her, bereft of that spirit which had sustained her in the presence of her rude suitor, her face suffused with tears.

The meal concluded, Forde and Haxon returned to the parlor, and the latter inaugurated conversation at once, by saying:

"I regret to see you looking so unwell, Mr. Forde. You do not wear the face that has been your wont."

"You may regret my condition, and you may not. You know it is yourself that makes me what I appear—an invalid in mind and body."

"Yes, sir, you and Forde seemed to gather new strength as he added, emotionally:

"Harold Haxon, are you a man? Have you none of those attributes which constitute the merciful in what God has created in His image? What are you doing? How are you grinding me beneath your heel? What dog among animals is more a slave—whipped, kicked, spit upon—than I am, at your hands? Answer these questions, and let your conscience say whether it is strange that Harnden Forde should have altered, when his actions are controlled by the will of a villain such as you!"

At these last words, Haxon's face flushed, and the glistening eyes told well his easily ignited passion; but he restrained himself, forced back the hot retort which sprang to his lips, and, assuming an exterior of unwonted calmness, said as he played carelessly with his gold toothpick:

"But!—it is hardly appropriate, you know, to appeal to a man's conscience—yours, of all persons! Don't you think it would have been better to ask if one villain ought not to go his way, and let another alone? I do."

"Cease, sir."

"But then, you will admit, if I am a villain, it is so gently characteristic as to defy detection. Moreover, with all my villainy, I have never been guilty of—"

"Stop—"

"You know what I would say?"

"Yes, yes; do not speak!"

"Very well. I have never done that. You have. Let it suffice that I hold undeniable proofs; and, once exposed, if you don't go to the penitentiary, you will, at least, be branded as unfit to enter decent society! Now, after this, let me again caution you that it will cost you heavily to fail in bringing Eola to accept my offer of marriage. She must be mine, within one month."

"A month?"

"Yes. One month from this date, Eola Forde must be Mrs. Harold Haxon. After that is over, I will destroy—"

"The paper?" Forde bent forward, eagerly.

"Yes, I will then destroy the paper. Let the knowledge of my promise to that effect be an incentive to the execution of your task."

"I shall do my best."

"And not dare to fail!" added Haxon, forcibly.

Conversation lacked vivacity, and threatened to cease altogether, when Harold Haxon uttered the prelude to a thunderbolt which was about to crash upon Forde.

"I have a favor to ask," he said. "Will you grant me one?"

"I never walk the streets blindfolded, nor do I buy goods until I know their quality; therefore, it is rash to promise at the asking, particularly when dealing with—"

"We'll do without any other compliment, if you please. The favor I ask is simple. You have an article in your house, which I desire very much to possess."

"Name it, sir."

"The Black Crescent!"

Sculptor never yet chiseled a face like Harnden Forde's; though like a statue of marble, he sat bolt upright, white and rigid, his sunken eyes riveted upon the speaker.

At the same instant, in the hall, a low voice echoed:

"The Black Crescent!" and Eola bounded, noiselessly, up the stairs.

CHAPTER XI.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

WHEN Austin Burns cried out, upon hearing Marian Mead's voice, good Mrs. Lenner, who was following close behind her hus-

band, Wat, Blake and their wounded charge, shook her head, and sighed:

"Ah, me! poor young man, he's not in his right mind. He must be hurt bad—"

"Stop, Blake," interrupted Austin. "I tell you to wait. There's Eola—dear girl!—I must see her. Do call her to me."

"No, Burns; you are mistaken. There's nobody in this house that you know. Come, gently now."

"But I am not deceived. I tell you," persisted the young man. "I know it must be Eola. You are unkind to force me away from her in this—"

The remainder of his speech was lost as they entered the room which was intended for Austin's use.

Turning to Marian, the woman in black said:

"Yes, you are right. I am your friend. You have not a truer one in this world than I. But I am surprised—how came you here?"

"I was driven from my home—if I dare call it home—last night. Gil Bret came in—you know him?"

"Too well!"

"He was greatly troubled when he learned that you had been there; and when we told him you had carried away the leather bag, then he was angry. Though he is a rough man, he has never spoken cross words to me, in all the long years I have been with him, until last night. When he found the bag was gone, he said we must separate; and then—he drove me from the house."

"My poor little one! out in the cold, damp air!" and she drew the frail form to her, caressingly.

"I was so glad to get away from him, forever, that I didn't mind it much. A kind policeman brought me here."

more; oh! do. Where is she? You will take me to her? Say you will!"

The fearful eyes were lighted with hope; her voice was pleading in its eagerness.

"Look—Marian—I am your mother!"

For a few seconds the words seemed to dwell eloquently in the silence of the room; and then, with a burst of joy that found its vent in convulsive sobs, Marian was clasped in the other's arms.

"You are! You are!" she cried. "Yes, you are my mother! I knew it! I felt it! Mother—mother—*dear mother!*"

Their tears were mingled as the spray of heaven's founts, and two souls thrilled with the ecstasy of brimming happiness.

"Yes, Marian, my own child, my own flesh and blood. God witnesses to my words: I am your mother! I would have told you when I saw you last night—for the first time in long, sad years—but thought it would be better to wait until a more favorable moment—a moment such as this. We have come together strangely. You would ask why we have been so long separated, and—"

"Yes, yes; do tell me."

"Then listen. It is not a long story, but you shall hear it, that you may know how unhappy I have been since the dark hour in which you were snatched away."

At that instant, there came a knock at the door, and Doctor Cauley was admitted.

"Well," he said, in a voice that would have sounded brusque to one who did not know his nature; "here I am. Mighty long ways out here, isn't it? How's the young man? Got a fever yet? Didn't shake him up much in moving, did you? Pardon—how are you this morning? Who's this, now?"

"A friend of mine—Marian Mead. Doctor Cauley, Marian," shaking hands with the physician.

Doctor Cauley was extremely gracious. For an old, confirmed bachelor, he surprised himself. He bowed, "ahem'd," drank in her beauty with his sharp eyes, and while proclaiming as her "most obedient," thought:

"By Jove! of all the lovely creatures Charles Street ever contained on Sunday afternoon, this one produces a total eclipse! But there, Cauley, you vagabond, 'twon't do; no, sir; you've got over that. 'Ahem! I'd like to see my patient now, if you please, madam!'"

"Some other time I will tell you all, Marian; excuse me now," whispered Marian's new-found mother, and the woman in black led the way to Austin Burns' bedside.

Wat. Blake was there, and in reply to the physician's inquiries, informed him that the young man had sunk into a raging fever, almost insupportable upon being placed in bed.

"Um! pretty strong, high, unwholesome fever it is, too," said Cauley, musingly. "Give me pen, ink and paper. No time to lose. This must be checked. He'll be in a serious condition if we don't—why don't you jump! Retain your self-possession and assist me!"

The required articles being furnished, a servant was dispatched to the nearest drug store with a prescription.

Doctor Cauley withdrew shortly after having given special instructions regarding the care of Austin, and promising to call again at nightfall.

About four o'clock Wat. Blake went out, and the woman in black seated herself, with a book, near Austin, occasionally bathing the hot brow of her unconscious charge.

Marian Mead was happy. For a long time after being left alone, she continued to weep; but her tears were the overflow of joy that seemed immeasurable in its fullness.

The dinner hour came and passed. Late in the afternoon, she tapped gently upon the door of the room wherein lay Austin Burns, and asked if she could not assist in any way. But she was put off with a kiss, by her mother, who promised to return to her very shortly, and narrate what the doctor's sudden arrival had interrupted.

But the hours flew on. Doctor Cauley attended his patient in the evening, and departed. Wat. Blake was unaccountably detained, and the watcher could not leave her post.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Marian sought her couch, and in the customary prayer her lips had breathed to God each night since early childhood, there went up more than was her wont, to thank Him for His manifold kindnesses and the restoration to her of a mother.

And then sweet sleep. And dreams in rapturing accord with her buoyant spirits, wafted through the portals of repose.

CHAPTER XII.

"WHAT DOES IT MEAN?"

For one moment only, Forde sat upright, statue-like, ghastrly in his pallor, and then, with a low, painful groan, sunk backward.

Haxon sprang forward to sustain him, but was waived back; and Forde cried:

"Man! Man! pity me. What do you ask?—what merciless fiend sent you upon this mission?" and burying his face in his hands, he wailed: "Oh! Heaven, be more lenient! Why should I suffer thus?"

"Mr. Forde, really I do not understand."

"Not understand?"—fixing a piercing gaze upon the other, as if he would read his inmost soul. "Not understand what you have asked me? Then, why do you ask? Take back your words; take them back. I say—say that you do not mean what you speak; else you will drive me to madness! My brain whirls—it whirls—I am beset!"

Harden Forde passed up and down in a way that seemed unaccountable for one in his weakened condition; and Haxon, watching him in partial amazement and wonder, was striving vainly to solve how his simple words could create such an outburst.

"Mr. Forde, permit me—"

"Harold Haxon, begone! Leave me alone. If you do not go, after this I may brave you with defiance, and commit—"

"Moderate your tone. I am not used to being ordered. My request—what will you do about it?"

"Don't! fairly screamed Forde, in his excited frenzy: I am not, *will not*, grant it! You are set upon me by some demon! Your words are one of a well-learned lesson! Some one has put you up to this! I see it! I read it in your face! Who told you to ask of me what you have?"

"It matters nothing," said Haxon, with a calm, steady gaze, and then, without speaking another word, stepped into the polished ebony vehicle again, and was whirled away over the rough, cobblestone pavement, in the direction of the Little Miami railroad depot.

When Romney had been at Bolton Place

Black Crescent! My heart's blood shall flow to keep it from you! My weak limbs shall go down to the earth, mangled and broken, in the struggle to keep it from you!

Every muscle in my frame shall palsy before I release it to your grasp! It is mine!—mine! Have you heard? Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"So!" thought Haxon: "just as Gil. Bret foresaw. And he said it was superstition. Forde will not part with it. I would give an arm to know why he is so worked up!"

Forde's excitement was of such intensity that Haxon feared it would terminate in delirium. He saw that his presence augmented the other's state, and so concluded to withdraw.

"Mr. Forde, I am going. But I will come again to-morrow. Remember what I have said regarding Eola. Let there be no more of her girlish pets. I shall not insist further upon the matter of the crescent; but"—a new idea appeared to strike him—"please have a check for five hundred dollars made out to my order when I call again."

Haxon drew on his kid gloves, and, with a parting bow, which Forde seemed scarcely to notice, left the house.

There was a light footfall on the carpet behind Forde, and a hand fell upon his shoulder.

"Father, Mr. Haxon has gone." Eola stood beside him.

"Yes," he returned, absently; "he has gone—thank Heaven!"

"Amen! Now, I am here for an explanation."

"Do not ask it now, my child. Wait—"

"But I shall." She spoke determinedly. There was something in her mind, which rendered her expression even stern, as she faced her father with a searching, steady glance.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 50.)

Out in the World:
THE FOUNDLING OF RAT ROW.

A ROMANCE OF CINCINNATI.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL.

AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LOCKET'S REVELATION.

THE next day Romney Taggart left Rat Row forever, and took up her residence at Bolton Place.

When she had gone, Van's courage gave way completely, and he laid all night in his little attic bed and moaned out his sorrow and anguish. When he had cried himself almost sick, he joined his mother downstairs, and said: "I'm going to hunt something to do now."

"And you will not play any more?"

"No, I'll never play any more in the streets, anyway."

During the remainder of the week he sought everywhere for employment, and he began to despair of finding any thing suited to his talents, when he chanced to hear of a concert-troupe manager—who was then stopping at the Burnet House—and who was anxious to engage a couple of musicians.

Van brushed his old clothes up and called on the gentleman. Although the latter received him with a chilly indifference, Van knew he would think better of his performance than he did of his appearance, and he was right.

De Vivo was delighted with Van's playing, and finally engaged him to go with him.

"Your salary will be small at first, but I will give you chances to sing, and a good deal of instruction," he said, and the arrangements were made.

As the troupe left the city on Sunday night, and this was Saturday, Van had very little time to prepare for his departure, but he hustled about and got his meager wardrobe together as best he could.

Late on Saturday evening he walked to Bolton Place to bid Romney good-by.

"You will not forget me, Romney, will you?" he asked, "when I'm far away, and you are rich and happy?"

"No; I will never forget you, Van," she answered, "and I would like, oh, so much, to go with you!"

"You mustn't think of that," he said. "I've got a chance now, and I intend to be rich myself some day, and come back for you, if you only be a good girl and wait for me."

"Yes, I'll wait, Van, and I'll be such a good girl!"

They parted, then, and the next day Van Taggart and his mother went out to the first little Romney's grave and cried upon it for an hour, and that night—for the first time in her life—Mrs. Taggart slept alone in Rat Row.

She was dreadfully lonely and miserable, but ere the close of the second week after Van's departure, she received a letter, with money in it, from him, and a railroad ticket to New York. The troupe were going to remain there for the summer, and the boy thought it altogether advisable for his mother to go on and join him.

After disposing of her effects at auction, she went out to Bolton Place, and said farewell to Romney, and there was a "To Let" swinging in the air at Rat Row, and the denizens of that delectable neighborhood were busy speculating on "the sudden rise of them Taggart people."

Singularly enough, the third day after Mrs. Taggart's evacuation of the premises, a carriage dashed up in front of the battered hall door, and a superbly-dressed lady—looking very much like Elinor Gregg used to look, only somewhat more faded and older—leaped out and inquired for the woman who used to live up-stairs, and had an adopted child.

"Lord bless you, ma'am, her son is gone off with a show, an' the woman—Mrs. Taggart—went after him."

This was the reply, spoken in a rough voice, by a very rough, coarse-looking woman.

"She did not say where she was going?" asked the strange lady.

"No, ma'am, but I thinks she kinder hinted New York."

New York! repeated the stranger, biting her lip in vexation, and then, without speaking another word, stepped into the polished ebony vehicle again, and was whirled away over the rough, cobblestone pavement, in the direction of the Little Miami railroad depot.

When Romney had been at Bolton Place

a month or two she became very contented, and, as was quite natural, pined less for her old life, and began to love Grace and Chauncey very dearly.

They were good to her; she felt it, too, and when Chauncey proposed to send her off to boarding school, she protested against the plan, and almost conquered them.

However, when September came about, Chauncey insisted on her going to Pleasant Hill for the fall and winter term at least, and off she went.

Grace missed her much, and one day she was sitting talking to Chauncey about her, when she said:

"Did I ever show you the necklace the girl had on when Mrs. Taggart found her on the door-step?"

He answered that she never had, and Grace went to a chest of drawers and brought back the emeralds Elinor had placed around her baby's neck, so many years before.

Chauncey Watterson felt himself growing faint and sick, when the green jewels met his gaze, and when Grace pressed the spring and held up Elinor's picture before his eyes, he gasped for breath and fell stiff, cold and unconscious, with a dull, heavy thud upon the floor.

When he came to his senses again, he complained of weakness, but his wife was not to be thus easily disposed of, and she said calmly, but earnestly:

"Chauncey, there is a terrible mystery here, and I must know it."

He tried to baffle her; but it was no use, and so he told her every thing—a new version of the old story he had related to her on the Mississippi—and while he spoke, she sat with her hand in her lap, and gazed at him with her soul in her eyes.

"You have been a bad—a bad, wicked man," she said, at length.

He only moaned in answer, and covered his face with his hands.

Then she knelt down by his side and whispered her forgiveness.

The moon was streaming through an open window into the apartment, and when he looked up into her face, his was white as chiseled marble, but full of agony and remorse.

CHAPTER XIX.

TRUE TO HER OLD LOVE.

EIGHT years have passed, and Romney Taggart is sixteen. If her childhood promised beauty, her young womanhood more than realized every promise.

She was indeed lovely. Skin white, transparent, soft, with a peachy bloom in either cheek, such as no artist could paint, and few poets could imagine. Eyes large, deep, and blue as summer skies, and drifts of golden hair, as fine as dross. A form, graceful as a sylph's, and a majesty of mien royal as a queen.

She is highly accomplished, too; can sing sweeter than ever, draw passably, and play divinely. Everybody liked her at school, and those who enjoyed the privilege of her society at Bolton Place, either envied or praised her—and in either case she was complimented and flattered.

The world appeared to her—as it does to most girls of sixteen—as a great football of golden balls, each kicking about at will, through a field of enchantment and conquests.

She had not wholly forgotten her old life; but, eight years to a girl of sixteen appears little short of a century, and between Rat Row and Bolton Place, those eight years rolled like a great flood, the mists from which partially obscured what was beyond.

But, even through the mist, she could still discern very plainly the manly, courageous face and form of Van Taggart, and the docile, motherly woman who had nursed her so tenderly in the long ago.

She had never seen Van but twice in all those years, but she received letters every few months from him full of love and glad tidings.

He was getting on in the world quite rapidly; had quit the stage, and had become a partner in a large musical instrument manufactory near Philadelphia.

The last letter Romney had received from him, he said he was very anxious to see his little sister, and maybe he would do so in a few weeks.

She brought this letter to Chauncey, whose special pet she was, and, clapping her hands gleefully, said:

"Oh, Papa Watterson! just think; Van is coming to see us in a few weeks! Won't we have a nice time?"

There was none of the girl's enthusiasm in his voice, as he answered:

"We will be glad to see Van, but I am rather grieved that he should come at this time, when I am expecting other company."

"But, Van don't make any difference—he is one of us," said the girl, biting her lip, and with just the shadow of a pout in her face.

He looked up, and after a moment's silence, said: "My child, you have arrived at an age when you should be able to appreciate the world at its true value."

He stopped, but, as she did not venture a remark, he continued:

"You are rich—very rich; the heiress of Bolton Place, and you should be very careful that you are not into an alliance beneath you."

The girl had never thought of Van in any other relationship than that of a brother, and now, that the possibility of him becoming any thing else to her was hinted at, she felt herself growing red and confused. She managed, however, to stammer out:

"I know very well what I am now, but I have not forgotten yet what I have been—a poor, deserted outcast, penniless and friendless. Van Taggart was good to me in those early, bitter days, and were I to insult him now, I would hate myself forever after."

She spoke like a woman, keenly alive to her honor, as she understood it.

"You need not speak that way," replied Chauncey; "there is not the slightest reason for it. I like Van Taggart; feel grateful to him, too, for his kindness to you, and during the last seven years have helped him along in the world by advancing large loans on very meager security; but, I have an ambition—a proud ambition, and that is to see you married to Percy Shelby, the son of one of the leading men of Kentucky. He is coming here in a few days, and I expect you to give him a cordial welcome."

The girl blushed, begged to be excused, and ran off to her own room to cry and think and dream by turns.

The next day Percy Shelby came to Bolton Place. He was a stylish-looking young gentleman, fond of billiards, ladies and fast horses, and made himself exceedingly agreeable to Romney.

But, after what Chauncey had told her of his intentions, she felt very diffident and uncomfortable with him, and finally, on the sixth day of his visit, he bade her good-by, without having alluded, in any way, to either love or marriage.

It was a brilliant May afternoon when he galloped away. Romney stood on the colonnade, with Grace and Chauncey, until he disappeared from sight. Then Grace complained of being chilly, and leaning on her husband's arm, she sauntered into the drawing-room, while Romney wandered down among the shrubbery, on the brow of the hill, and peered into the quiet valley below.

How long she stood there she could not tell, but when her gaze was cated with the charms of hill and vale, she turned her steps homeward.

Ere she had walked far, she heard a quick, springy step behind her, and then she glanced around and stood face to face with Van Taggart—a tall, handsome man of twenty-five!

With a glad cry of welcome, she leaped into his arms, and he, smoothing back the soft silver gold from her forehead, kissed lips, brow and cheek, while she nestled close to his breast and wept for joy.

"I have come back to claim you," he said, after a while. "I have a good start, and I think I can keep you comfortably."

Romney thought of what Chauncey had said concerning Percy Shelby, and hung down her head.

He noticed this at once, and said:

"We have been brother and sister so long, that, perhaps, you can not think we can be any thing else. If, however, you don't love me with a stronger love than that,"—he dropped her hand now—"why, it can't be helped, that's all."

Yes, she did love him with a stronger love, and she told him so, and then he asked her to be his wife. Her answer must have been satisfactory, for his eyes danced, and his tongue rattled out her praise as if it never would stop.

Romney did not tell Van what Chauncey had said. It would have wounded him to the quick, and he was so proud that she thought it altogether better policy to keep the matter to herself, for the present at least.

Van received a cordial welcome from both Grace and Chauncey, and the evening was spent in the glittering reception-room, with songs, music and anecdotes.

Grace and Romney retired at ten o'clock, and, ere the latter stole off to her own chamber, she told Grace every word of what had passed between Van and herself, and also of what Chauncey had said to her concerning Percy Shelby.

The good, kind Grace sympathized with Romney, and promised to reconcile her husband to her marriage with Van. In this, as in other things, she kept her word, and when Chauncey came up from the reception-room, an hour later, she broached the matter at once.

He attempted to argue the case with her, and, schooled as he was in casuistry, was more than a match for Grace. But she, finding this to be so, threw down the gauntlet bravely, and said:

"This nobility of blood is all stuff and nonsense, and this nobility of dollars is worse than foolishness; it is wicked. It is an inducement to man to commit crime in order to gain money, where money is all potent to grant patents of nobility; and gold has the power to gild vices which, without its glitter, would repel and disgust."

"But one's family pride?" he interrupted.

She shook her head solemnly, and said, looking him straight in the eyes:

"Chauncey Watterson, your family pride has already cost you sufficient suffering; have you any desire for more?"

Her words went home to his heart, and, remembering Elinor Gregg, and all those subsequent years of remorse, he said:

"It shall be as you wish. You can tell Romney I consent."

Grace did tell Romney early in the morning, and immediately after breakfast the latter communicated the glad intelligence to Van.

"We go to Cape May in June," said Romney, "and you can come down there and spend the summer with us."

"And in September I'll come out here and claim you; is that a bargain?"

It must have been, for, instead of answering in words, she put up her scarlet lips, and he kissed her.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 77.)

Lizzie's Reward.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

The golden slanting beams of the setting sun shone on the bright hair of pretty Lizzie Goldsberry as she stood at the old farm-yard gate, looking down the road where the cows were coming up to be milked.

But Lizzie did not see the cows, and she stood at the gate with the bucket in her hand, she let them wait until old Cherry gave a discontented "moo," which recalled her to her duties.

Then she gave a start and a sigh, and quickly opened the gate and let them in. She milked in her usual brisk fashion, but there was a thoughtful look in her blossoming eyes which lasted after she had strained the milk, washed the pails, and put them away, and gone quietly up-stairs to her own little room.

There Lizzie sat down at her little table, drew a sheet of paper before her, and took her pen in her hand; but she paused a long while, leaning her chin on her small hand, and looking straight into the light, before she began to let her pen intended to write.

Now, this letter was to Lizzie's aunt Lizzie, for whom she was named, and with whom she had once spent a delightful winter in New York. Recollections of that pleasant time, and of a certain dark-eyed Paul Hathaway, a relation of her aunt's, who had made the visit pleasant by his presence, came very often into Lizzie's mind, and none the less often now that aunt Lizzie had written a cordial letter begging niece Lizzie to come and stay with her.

For a year, enjoying every advantage she could give her, and—this was added as a last inducement—the society of Paul Hathaway, for he had come back from Europe, and was in New York.

And I don't know that I can explain matters any better than by letting Lizzie explain them herself, so I will give you part of her answer.

"Dear aunt," she wrote, "to say I want to come isn't telling half the truth, but I don't think I ought to, because father and mother are both failing, and if I leave them they will have no help. I could not be

happy with you, dear aunt, if I had neglected them to come, so don't tempt me, for I must not yield."

Lizzie sighed a little as she folded up her letter, and whispered softly:

"I do wish I could see Paul Hathaway once more."

Next morning when Lizzie went downstairs, her father said to her:

"Well, daughter, when has thee decided to leave us?"

"I have decided not to leave you at all, father," said Lizzie, looking up with a bright smile.

"But I thought thee liked the city so much," said Simon Goldsberry.

"I do, but I like my father and mother better."

He laid his hand on her fair head and said, very gently:

"Thee is a good daughter, Lizzie. May Heaven reward thee."

And Lizzie knew that was a good deal from her quiet-spoken father.

So Lizzie left the gay city with its fine sights and fine dresses go by, and staid in the brown-little farm-house, contentedly flitting about at her household duties.

The spring bloomed and blossomed into summer, and the bright summer was deepening and ripening into golden-fruit autumn, when Lizzie sat upon the front porch one evening with her simple sewing.

Clutter, clutter, rattle, rattle, down the road came the rickety old village stage, and it stopped at Simon Goldsberry's door.

Lizzie let her work drop in a flutter of surprise, as a tall stranger with a valise sprung from the stage and came up the little garden walk. She rose to receive him, but failed to recognize the full-bearded, bronzed traveler until he extended his hand, saying, with a smile:

"Don't you know me, Miss Goldsberry?"

"Mr. Hathaway?" cried Lizzie, in surprise.

"The same, at your service. I heard from your aunt that you were not coming to visit us, so I made bold to visit you uninvited."

"But not unwelcome," said Lizzie, courteously; "our doors are wide open to our friends, Mr. Hathaway, and both myself and my parents are glad to see you. Come in!"

She led the way into the plain, old-fashioned parlor, and introduced him to her plain, old-fashioned parents with a quiet, womanly grace, which won Paul Hathaway's heart at once. Indeed, it was half-won before, else he had never undertaken that hot, dusty journey, and now the conquest was completed.

A few days passed very pleasantly. Paul Hathaway rambled with pretty Lizzie Goldsberry through the shady woods and sat beside her in the vine-wreathed porch, and when she was busy, watched her flitting about, performing her tasks with neat, deft fingers, and made up his mind to do just what he came there to do—ask Lizzie to give herself away to him.

His leave of absence, he said, extended only to a couple of weeks, and upon the evening of the last day, he sat with Lizzie under the gnarly gray boughs of an old apple-tree, where the moonlight sifted down through the tremulous leaves, and spoke of the parting to come on the morrow.

"I am sorry you are going," said Lizzie, frankly.

"Are you sorry enough to go with me?" asked Paul.

"I can not, you know," said Lizzie, faltering.

"Not to-morrow, perhaps. But, Lizzie, dear child," and Hathaway reached over, and took the light hand which lay in Lizzie's lap, "you can go some day, if you will, and make my home happy forever. Will you, Lizzie?"

"Oh, you can not mean it!" faltered Lizzie.

"Yes, I do mean it," came Paul Hathaway's earnest, deep tones; "and I mean it before I came here, Lizzie, dearest. Listen and I will tell you how. I've been around the world a good deal, Lizzie, and learned to appreciate the blessings a dear wife and a happy home might bring. I have been looking for a long time for the dear little woman who would be the one and make the other, but I never found her yet. I remembered you, and when you said you were to you I resolved to see and know all I could of you. Well, your letter came, and said you would not come. I knew, dear, that

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We have in hand, and will soon present, the first contribution to our columns of our new contributor, MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON, viz.:

ADRIA, THE ADOPTED,
a serial of great beauty of story, of high dramatic interest of incident, of keen conception of character and admirable plot-construction. Excellent and striking as have been many of the love romances which have appeared in our pages, we question much if any thing we have printed will give greater pleasure, or excite more expectancy than this graceful and impressive story of heart life and peculiar social relations.

Our Arm-Chair.

Injustice to American Authors.
The last number of the American Bookseller's Guide announces: "The October number of *New and Old* will contain the first part of THE VIOLET DAUGHTER, a new novel by George McDonald."

Foreign literature dominates in American Magazines. One by one American authors are given the 'cold shoulder,' until now, it may be said they are practically excluded from our Monthlys, whose publishers pay the foreigner from two to three times as much, for advance sheets, as they would think proper to give for the home writer's entire manuscript and copyright.

Talk about building up American literature, under such auspices!

Talk about the equality of our laws, when every imported article is made to pay a heavy duty but English literature, and that is permitted to flood us until American authors are in despair!

We have splendid, brilliant talent in all the professions—but authorship. Our lawyers, preachers, architects, artists, engineers, inventors, are second to none in Christendom, because they all have the proper incentive to greatness—a just appreciation of their talent and a proper reward for their labors. The author alone is unprotected—goes begging for employment, and takes a mere pittance from publishers, and that is doled out to him grudgingly, for the publisher says: "I need not have paid you anything, for I can appropriate all I want from the English, French and German."

This state of things is a national disgrace. That for our reading matter—our ideas, we should be compelled to go abroad, is revolting. But so it is. How long—oh, how long shall it be so?

In the great popular weeklies alone the American author finds encouragement. The average of magazines and books being closed to him, save in rare instances, he turns to the weekly paper as his only resource. In its columns he confronts a vast audience, and by this means assists much to undo the mischievous effect of a foreign or imported literature. In this great weeklies are doing a grand service; and every well-wisher of a home literature and home greatness should bid these popular journals God speed!

A Queer Question.—"Gustave" proposes this query:

"How can a young man, on a salary of \$750 per year, board at a first-class hotel and belong to a social club?"

Oh, in various ways. He may board at an Ann Street restaurant and pick his teeth on the Astor steps.

Or, he may be a distant relative of Tweed.

Or, he may belong to the inspector's department of the custom-house.

Or, his mother may be a first-class milliner and he proud to have her boy spend enough of her money to pretend gentleman.

Or, he may be counting off Shakespeare's daughter, and is only keeping up appearances for a little while until she bites and he pulls in.

Or—well, Gustave is a little green to ask such a question.

How it Reads.—A very good judge of what is good in literature writes us, among other things, as follows:

"I am well pleased with Mr. Campbell's story, *Out in the World*. It is so new, so fresh, so entirely original, so utterly unlike the prosy, long-drawn English serials (reprints of course) that appear as originals in the—"

Just our view, and that is why we have Mr. C. to write for us. We do not care for the reporters—those who write what somebody else has suggested; nor do we deal in reprinted *Lords and Ladies*. American authors of the true ring are our favorites.

DARKENED ROOMS.

THERE are thousands of people who are fit candidates for a lunatic asylum, whose sanity is never doubted. And I think that among these unsuspected lunatics may be classed those folks who keep their rooms darkened, religiously excluding every ray of light, and preserving a Stygian gloom in all the "best rooms," lest the carpets should be faded, or flies find their way in.

Why can not people appreciate the blessings given them? Flies! As if the presence of all the flies in Christendom wasn't preferable to the absence of the sunshine! Carpet! Of what use is a carpet, if the room is so dark you can not see it?

No wonder people have the dyspepsia, and see the world through blue spectacles, when they live in such dismal houses. The idea of a warm region, frequently mentioned by ministers, must have first originated in darkened rooms. The "blue devils" lurk in every corner of those houses whose

blinds are always closed and the curtains closely drawn. Dark and chilly, always! A graveyard is a cheerful place in comparison.

It is no wonder that the inhabitants thereof think they have committed the unpardonable sin. Their liver tells them what their conscience does not. If they could only see that the sin consists of their love of darkness—dwarfing mind and body, and shortening life, all for the sake of having, on state occasions, a room or rooms, with a bright carpet and unspecked furniture!

I shall never forget visiting at a place once, where the people were afflicted with this species of madness. Whether myself and companions were not regarded as "particular company, or whether that was the way they always did, I know not, but they ushered us into the parlor, where semi-darkness reigned, and kept us there all the afternoon, without lifting the curtains or unclosing the blinds. Sufficient light found its way in to clothe the room in twilight, but not for an instant was the door left open "for fear of flies."

All the afternoon I sat there in the straight-backed chairs, with my feet on the Brussels carpet, and stared in the gloomy light at the sweeping lace curtains, and the wax flowers on the table, and wondered why folks were so stupid. I wanted to tear away the curtains and throw open the doors, and let in the blessed sunshine that was flooding all the world with brightness. Sunshine, indeed! What was sunshine to our hosts, compared with spotless curtains and bright carpet? I wanted to tell her that God gave us the light, and that man made carpets, and one glimpse of the former was worth all the latter in existence, but I knew she could not appreciate it and so held my peace.

But I revenged myself for my term in prison by sniffing contemptuously at the drifting laces, and dug my heels viciously into the knots of pink rose-buds which strewn the white carpet, as I shook the dust of that threshold off my feet forever, and went out into the sunshine and bird-song with a strong feeling of thankfulness that I wasn't born without Divine understanding and appreciation of what God gives freely to all.

Had I the wealth of the Rothschilds, I would not have a house too fine for the light to shine upon. A bare floor and curtainless windows, where the sunshine falls with its life-giving warmth, is infinitely better than a palace where it does not. "Let there be light!"

LETTIE ARLEY IRONS.

BUBBLES.

When we left off our short dresses and put away childish things, we didn't put away, at the same time, the practice of blowing bubbles—of course I am speaking figuratively. We are always building castles in the air, loving to think of what we wish would happen, yet rarely does. The daily round of practical duties rarely suits us, and we go wishing and hoping for something more out of the usual way or order of things.

We'd wish to be like the careless, happy butterfly, roving here and there in quest of sweets, forgetting all the while that John is waiting for the more nourishing articles, bread and butter. Of course, this John is your husband, and you often wonder why you fancied him enough to marry him, for he wasn't one bit like the ideal of your school-girl dreams. Your hero was to have all the graces and accomplishments of an Apollo; you never imagined that he would bring in the water to fill the tea-kettle or an armful of wood for the morning fire.

Somehow or other, your ideal never happened along, and when John commenced his courtship you almost laughed at his presumption. The more he came to see you, the better you liked him, until his true goodness touched your heart and you became his for life. But, your air-castle was shattered, and the bubble burst.

Perhaps you think yourself gifted as a writer, and that you would be richer and the world would be made better for your writings, so you go deep into the composition of a serial, much to the neglect of other work. All day long at the store, you are planning out your plot, and all the evening writing down what you have thought during the day. At last it is finished and in the publisher's hands. You are then drawing, in your mind, the illustrations which will accompany it, and the splendid announcements which will be made of it. No more store and its hum-drum duties for you, if your serial is accepted, but a life of literature!

But, it is not accepted, and then the reaction comes. So-re-spirited, down-hearted, and feeling generally miserable, you resume your old jog-trot life; but, somehow or other, one hears you say little about serial writing. It did seem cruel for the editor to burst your bubble so suddenly, but, sober second thoughts will show you that he was right.

And many an actor, toiling on the stage, will tell you how high his aspirations were; how great his success was going to be, and how sadly his bubble burst; and even with this example before us, we envy the life of the dramatic performer. It looks so pleasant, but is far from being so in reality; and if these lines will cause our would-be actors to think twice before they enter the profession, even I will feel that words have not been wasted.

I'm not saying that the stage leads to degradation, because it doesn't, and I wish there were as many good people in other professions as there are in the theatrical. I always have spoken a good word for the "craft," and I'm always going to. I write to keep you from the hard work of it. Don't you know that all professions which seem the easiest, are the most laborious in the end? This bubble of your wanting to lead an idle, easy life, ought to be exploded.

Of late years everybody was a hurry to become very suddenly rich, with no trouble and but a little expense. Some of the sharpest in New York thought of the counterfeit money swindle, and never was there a fraud so greatly patronized as that. It was the most tempting bait ever offered, and bitten at instantaneously. The bubbles were continually blown, and all the hues of the rainbow exhibited upon them. Moorish palaces, Grottos, Arcades and visions exceeding the beauties of the Alhambra arose before the people. But, when the box of sawdust came to the express office, don't you imagine that the bubble burst and left "not a wreck behind?"

So, let me advise you to leave all bubbles alone. Be honest and you'll be happy.

EVE LAWLESS.

WHICH?

In the village churchyard, the other day, there were two funerals: a man and a woman were to be interred. The man's body came first, followed by perhaps half a dozen persons. Wishing to learn some of the characteristics of the deceased, we made bold to seek information of the person who stood at our side.

"I am sorry," said he, "that I can not give the man you have just seen put in the grave a better character. I do not know any good I can say of him. He loved to grind the poor, and though his orchard almost groaned with the weight of fruit, and his farm produced more than he could possibly make use of, yet he never gave it away to those in need of it. Charity was merely a word with him, for he never carried its precepts into practice. If he ever did an act of pure unselfishness, it was known only to himself. He begrudged the food upon his table. We are a person to pick an apple up off the road, which had fallen from one of his trees, he murmured over it, and styled it 'a theft.' Could such a man's life be happy? Was he using the talent rightly, that God had entrusted him with? Such men as he are not missed from this world, because they live entirely for self, and it would seem like hypocrisy to mourn his loss—which was no loss to the community at large. Even the grief of his own immediate family will be less poignant, when they get into possession of his property. They'll 'make the chips fly,' as the old expression has it."

Then the funeral of the woman came on. The graveyard was scarcely large enough to hold the mourners.

"There, sir," said our friend, "I can tell you a different story about this old lady; we shall all feel a regret at her death. She was one of those women whose society and acquaintance brought joy to those around her. She lightened the burdens of those who were weighed down with them. She cheered the desponding. Although a sufferer herself, she assuaged the sufferings of others. Why, her kind face and cheerful voice were enough to banish sadness from one."

"To the youth she gave encouragement; and the beggar never left her door hungry. When such as she die they leave a void not easily filled. Yet, she was unconscious of the good she did, which made her life more lovely. There is no hypocrisy in the tears shed for her."

Could a sermon be plainer than the words of this man? Was it not a lesson we should take to ourselves and heed? What are our lives worth, if not to make others happy? Well, we shall find lessons everywhere, but none of more deep significance than in these two lives.

It is hard to think that after we have left this world none will care for us, that no good can be spoken of our characters—that the world will only be too glad to have us leave it. This will surely be the case if we do not mingle more with those around us, seeking out their happiness, and then gratifying it. It is not what we do which is looked at; it is the spirit in which we do it.

Turning from these funerals we naturally thought that our funeral must take place some day, and we asked ourselves which of the remarks above made would be most applicable to ourselves.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

THE women of New York could regenerate the city in a twelvemonth if they would use their tongues in the service of their consciences. They could make the "King" ridiculous; they could shame the magistrates into cleaning the streets; they could procure reform of the markets; they could shut up every dram-shop as tight as though a sober policeman stood at the door; they could make the social vice respectable; men could be their servants. Husbands, fathers, brothers, lovers, acquaintances, would be talked over and talked under. The parlor would be mightier than the caucus chamber, the public hall or the pulpit. Whenever women try to do these things now, they do them. With little art, with little accomplishment, with smiles, intelligence, and but partial earnestness, they do them. What, then, might they not accomplish with disciplined powers?

But women can never hold this high place till they appreciate the character that is demanded for it. Why should feminine influence be almost always associated with coquetry? Why should feminine power be nearly synonymous with teasing and cajolery? Why should feminine triumphs so often call up the suggestion of wounded, wronged, or broken hearts? Why should feminine fascination suggest the snake-like magnetism which misleads and kills? It is a shame; it is an insult to woman that it should be so. It is a reproach to womanhood that a power so tremendous should be so tremendously misused; that tightness, coquetry, sensuality, malignity, perhaps, should control that singular and wondrous power by which the female sex hold right of sway over the males. It is time that this attribute should be employed for nobler uses; it is time that this subtle, strange power should be made amenable to reason and conscience; it is time, at all events, that taste and refinement had their share in its direction.

TO YOUNG MEN.

It is easier to be a good business man than a poor one. Half the energy displayed in keeping ahead that is required to catch up when behind will save credit, give more time to business, and add to the profit and reputation of your word. Honor your engagements. If you promise to meet a man, or do a certain thing at a certain moment, be ready at the appointed time. If you have work to do, do it at once, cheerfully, and therefore more speedily and correctly. If you go out on business, attend promptly to the matter on hand, and then as promptly go about your own business. Do not stop to tell stories in business hours.

If you have a place of business, be found there when wanted. No man can get rich by sitting round stores and saloons. Never "fool" on business matters. If you have to labor for a living, remember that one hour in the morning is better than two at night. If you employ others, be on hand to see that they attend to their duties, and to direct with regularity, promptness, liberality. Do not meddle with any business you know nothing of. Never buy any article simply because the man that sells it

will take it out in trade. Trade is money; time is money. A good business habit and reputation is always money. Make your place of business pleasant and attractive; then stay there to wait on customers.

Never use quick words, or allow yourself to make hasty or ungentlemanly remarks to those in your employ; for to do so lessens their respect for you and your influence over them. Help yourself, and others will help you. Be faithful over the interests confided to your keeping, and all in good time your responsibilities will be increased. Do not be in too great haste to become rich. Do not build until you have arranged and laid a good foundation. Do not—as you hope to work for success—spend time in idleness. If your time is your own, business will suffer if you do. If it is given to another for pay, it belongs to him, and you have no more right to steal than you had to steal money. Be obliging. Strive to avoid harsh words and personalities. Do not kick every stone in the path; more miles can be made in a day by going steadily on than by stopping to kick. Pay as you go. A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond. Ask, but never beg. Help others when you can, but never give when you can not afford to, simply because it is fashionable. Learn to say no. No necessity of snapping out dog-fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully. Have but few confidants, and the fewer the better. Use your own brains rather than those of others. Learn to think and act for yourself. Be vigilant. Keep ahead, rather than behind the time.

Young men, cut this out; and if there is folly in the argument, let us know.

Foolscap Papers.

Amended Rules for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Any person wantonly and maliciously wringing or cutting a free-born chicken's head off its shoulder, for the purpose of calling said chicken, shall be persecuted and found ten dollars. Chickens must be eaten without being killed or otherwise injured for life, as our Declaration of Independence guarantees life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to all.

If your neighbor's dog sees fit at any or all hours of the night to manufacture the free air of heaven over into barks, large or small, size, he shall not be disturbed. Any man discharging a musket battery of boot-jacks at such an animal will be fined in proportion to the size and weight of the bootjacks and the bark—the dog's testimony only taken.

If any gentleman happens to get a dog's teeth inserted in his leg he must reason with him mildly, and persuade him to let go, but if he should strike said dog or kick him he shall be fined ten dollars, the money to go for the benefit of the dog's relations.

Dogs should be kept as warm and comfortable as possible.

Five dollars penalty for putting a tailor's goose on a hot stove.

Horses will not be permitted to draw vehicles except in special cases—when any of the members of this society desire to take a ride, and then some councilman will recommended must push. No whip must be used on any horse.

In horseback riding—if there are people cruel enough to ride that way—the saddle must be kept at least two inches, legal measurement, above the horse's back so as to have no weight upon the horse at all, or a fine of ten dollars will be exacted, exactly.

No man shall call any dog a puppy or apply other low-flung epithets to him.

It will be the duty of the secretary of this society to take a complete census of fleas and musketoes; for each one maliciously killed a penalty of five dollars will be made. Voluntary suicide on the part of these insects is sanctioned, which may be caused by allowing them to bite you till they burst.

In purchasing eggs, if chickens are found to be in them, it will be the duty of the purchaser to sit upon them himself, whatever the consequences may be.

If you happen to be waked up on a moonlight night by two tom-cats on the porch, swearing at each other, looking cross-eyed, and spitting in each other's faces, and making for fly, and you should discourage them with a stick of wood, this will be considered felonious felony.

When you accumulate rats in a cage you will not be permitted to injure a hair on their backs, but turn them gently loose into your neighbor's stable.

Ten dollars fine for driving a stake too hard, especially on a hot day.

Five dollars fine for looking at a sun-dog with squinted eyes.

If a mad bull gets after you it will be against the law to make him run too hard and far before he catches you, whereby he will over-exert himself.

Fifteen dollars fine for removing an oyster from his shell on eating him; it is unnecessarily injuring him; you will be obliged to swallow shell and all.

Thou shalt not even abuse a monkey-wrench.

Fifteen dollars fine for whipping a top unmercifully, unless it is very stubborn.

Ten dollars penalty for beating a drum without sufficient cause or provocation.

Five dollars fine will be extorted from the hard-hearted man that overburdens a lame saw-horse.

Thou shalt not overwork a kit of tools, neither shalt thou be too hard on a full-blooded boot-jack.

Thou shalt not worry Mary's little lamb any more.

Thou shalt not muzzle the Press, neither shalt a gun have a muzzle during hot weather.

Five dollars fine for fishing in the woods for trout, or hunting in the rivers for squirrels.

Penitentiary and one hundred dollars fine for bucking the poor tiger. Let him rest in peace.

Thou shalt not drive a trotting buggy faster than a walk, for fear the buggy will fatigue itself, neither shalt thou tire any wheel.

Thou shalt not put salt on any bird's tail.

Ten dollars fine for bringing the historical "two birds in the bush and the one bird in the hand" into any more arguments than is absolutely necessary.

After this pork must be procured from some other source than from hogs.

All beavers must be chloroformed before they are killed.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Readers and Contributors.

To CONTRIBUTORS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. received for future orders.—Unpublishable MSS. promptly returned only if very strongly recommended for publication.—Book MSS. postage is two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be marked "Book MSS." and be mailed in wrapper with open end, in order to pass the mails as "Book MSS."—No correspondence of any nature is publishable in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or sent. In all cases our children read first upon receipt of MSS. and be mailed in wrapper with open end, in order to pass the mails as "Book MSS."—No correspondence of any nature is publishable in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or sent. 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PLEADING.

BY LIZZIE M'ORE.

Oh, God, there's wild woe in the toll of the bells!
And tears in the murky sky.
How can I live, while the tale it tells,
Is, the flower of my flock must die?

But one short year since the raging seas
Took my oldest, my bravest son!
My prayer, sent up on the fluttering breeze,
Was—"Father, Thy will be done!"

Two more have gone since the bearded grain
Grew red in the fields apart;
I hid them to sleep in the falling rain,
With a bitter pain at my heart.

But this is Willie, my pride, my joy!
Oh, I can not, can not let him go!
Oh, Angel of Death, ask not my boy
To sleep where the dead waters flow!

I'll freely give all my golden wealth,
All my glittering jewels to thee—
Oh, Azrael, let him stay!

My heart is black with its bitter woe;
I'm weak; I can not be brave;
Oh, God, if my darling boy must go,
Let me sleep in the same cold grave.

In the Wilderness.

V.—THE DUCK-HUNT.

THE party had been out some weeks, and had made great havoc among the trout, and old Ben, producing a well-thumbed copy of the game laws, announced that the time for duck-shooting had come. There was great preparation, cleaning of guns and surveying of ammunition, and at early morning the party were on the march for the famous duck-ground—a small lake some three miles to the north of their camp. They reached it just at daylight—a small, dark, shallow body of water, perhaps a mile in length by half a mile in breadth. From the rich soil at the bottom rose luxuriant growths of fern, water-lily and rushes, waving in the early morning breeze. The water showed only at intervals between the rushes and ferns, dark and slimy, with the broad leaves and petals of the water-lily reposing on the surface. Old Ben soon found upon the bank, hidden by leaves and brush, two "stip-outs," which he had fashioned with his own hands last year, and in these precarious craft they embarked. "Gustus could not be induced to take a place in one of these tricky craft, much to the delight of the old guide, and so he remained upon the bank, mooning vaguely up and down the shore, and cracking away at the "divers," which were very abundant. Luckily for the voyagers, the channel where they were likely to have the most sport was on the other side, out of the reach of the destructive weapon which "Gustus carried. Old Ben took the student in his canoe, placing him in the bow, while Viator took the paddle in the other. Ben led the way, his canoe gliding noiselessly among the ferns, the sweep of the silent paddle in his skillful hands scarcely stirring the water through which it passed. After him came the canoe of Viator, who was an adept with the paddle, and an old duck-shooter. Their long double-barrels, cocked and ready, lay beside them in such a way that no one could possibly be injured by the discharge of any one of them by accident.

The half-lifted paddle of old Ben was arrested by a low sound, and a tremulous motion in the reeds twenty yards away, and his left hand was thrown backward in a warning gesture. Viator at once laid down his paddle and took up his gun, and waited. The student, imitating the actions of the others, did the same, and rose to his knees, with his weapon ready. Ben struck a light blow upon the side of the canoe with his paddle, and seized his gun.

Whirr!

A flock of wood-duck, with outspread wings and extended necks, rose from their feeding-ground in wild alarm. The hunters were ready, and for a moment there was a wild confusion, until eight barrels were empty, and all that were left of the ducks took flight toward the station of "Gustus, and they heard him fire two barrels in quick succession.

"That," said Ben. "It's a satisfaction to the damned critter to let off the gun, and he's done it; but I'll bet a cookie he never teches a feather. Hyar, Jack; fetch 'em out."

The cocker spaniel dashed into the water, and in five minutes had deposited nine plump wood-duck in the hands of the hunter.

"Fat as butter," said Ben, as he passed his finger along the flesh of the ducks. "That's good feeding for the critters now. Push along now; we'll get black duck afore we get to the upper end of the lake."

The guns were reloaded, and, while doing this, Ben gave his young companion some advice with relation to duck-shooting, which he took advantage of. He had a good eye and steady hand, and would make a shot, and Ben knew it. The paddles dropped into the water, and the boats proceeded.

"I see one," whispered the student, grasping his gun.

"Hist," said Ben. "That's one of those damned divers. You might as well try to shoot a streak of lightning, for they dive at the flash of a gun. And, what's more, of all the fishy meat you ever swallowed, a diver is the worst. Take care."

Black duck this time, and a flock of beauties. Viator singled out a beautiful drake, the black and green of his coat relieved by red markings, and brought him down by a beautiful shot, and then sent his second barrel into the flock. Ben fired one barrel and waited, and immediately a huge black fellow rose from the ferns and was off like a shot. The long ducking-gun came up steadily. Would he never fire? Nearly a hundred yards separated the duck from the canoe when the gun cracked, and the duck, closing his wings convulsively, plunged, head downward, into the channel with a great splash.

"He got it then," said Ben, quietly. "I know'd I could do it. Pull up close, now, and let me tell you what to do."

After the guns were loaded, they set to work with their knives and cut a number of long rushes, enough to completely hide the canoes. The paddlers, covered by the green rushes, sat in the stern, and the canoes, now resembling little green islands, floated into a broader channel, in which there was quite a current. All the use they made of the paddles was to keep the canoes headed down the channel. Ben had instructed them not to fire until he gave the word, and several small flocks rose undisturbed from the water as the canoes moved on, flew a short distance, and settled again. All at once they floated out into an open space, covering, perhaps, two acres, and upon this place countless flocks of wood-butterball

and black duck were feeding. The canoes moved forward by imperceptible degrees until they lay motionless upon the water in the very center of the duck pasture. Such a sight neither Scribbler nor the student had seen before. The unsuspecting birds were swimming about, sporting in the clear water, or tugging at the roots and grass which they were feeding on. Ben allowed his young companions to feast their eyes upon the strange scene for a moment, and then gave the word, by firing a single barrel into a flock of black duck close at hand. Instantly every bird upon the lake seemed to rise together in a clump, and seven barrels spoke in rapid succession. With such a chance as that, it is no wonder that the slaughter was fearful, and when it was over they picked up forty-one ducks of various kinds, and threw them into the canoes. The screens were now thrown off, and, resuming their paddles, they returned to the other side, taking a shot occasionally at a stray flock. On the shore they found "Gustus, whose eyes opened in wonder at the sight of the ducks, and he followed them slowly and disconsolately back to camp.

Why She Never Danced.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"I THINK she is the most beautiful woman I ever saw in my life."

Adelbert Montague's enthusiastic admiration was every word of it perfectly just. Let me describe her as she stands in Mrs. Senator Valerian's reception-room, under the glaring blaze of a dozen-jetted chandelier.

A regal woman from the crown of her head to the sole of her feet; dignified almost to sternness, and as emotionless as the marble Andromeda opposite her.

She had a complexion of alabaster purity, that suggested no hue of ill-health; hair, eyes, brows and lashes of intensest blackness, and not a tinge of color in her cheeks.

She wore a severely plain style of dress; a black velvet, magnificently trimmed with point d'Alencon; the neck, cut quite low, exposed the round throat, and the wide sleeves, open to the shoulder, where a black lace undersleeve reached half-way to the elbow.

She was going to Hermione L'Estrange, the girl with her radiant hair, who had power enough over Imogene's husband to keep him from his wife's side.

Imogene had been a sad story; and she proposed telling it to Miss L'Estrange, who, in her sweet charity, thought Hermione might not know that her lover and Imogene's husband were one.

She intended telling her all about the private marriage years ago; of the estrangement that followed, of the pride on her side, and the stubborn willfulness on his.

And so they two, man and wife only in the name, had gone on, all those years, meeting and entertaining each other where they met at the fashionable affairs where both were in such urgent demand; and none knew, none dreamed, that they were husband and wife, albeit the story had crept out, that Imogene was unacknowledged; but by him they never dreamed, nor did she, in her icy pride, ever give a token.

But to-day, some unaccountable power was urging her on to a step that she had so shrunk from ever before; she was going to make an effort—a last, as it was a first, to win him back whom she, of a verity, worshipped. And he?—well, we shall see how he loved her.

Hermione L'Estrange was a "radiant haired" girl, with eyes as blue as a June sky; and Imogene Athelyn, as she walked up to the dainty couch where the girl lay, with her fever-flushed cheeks and fever-bright eyes, wondered that she had not known before she was ill.

But now, that she was there, and Hermione had welcomed her with words of kindest, warmest greeting, she thought it would almost kill this girl to lose her lover—the stern, sedate man who was so much older than Imogene knew Hermione looked up to him with unbounded confidence and love.

Well, so must it be; Imogene told Hermione all her sad story, and they mingled their tears.

And then Hermione told Imogene to bring her Bible that lay on the stand.

"You may not believe me, dear Imogene," she said, "but with both our hands on this sacred book I am going to declare to you that, though I love your husband almost as well as you do, it is with a love even you can not censure me for. Imogene, he loves you better than life: he has told me so, hundreds of times, and yet, his awful stubborn will has been crushing down his love. Oh, Imogene! Imogene! only go to him—he will be here within an hour—and tell him all you have told me, and let us all be happy together, you, he, and I, his daughter, Imogene, and yours, if I may call you mother!"

A heavy tread in the hall prevented the answer that leaped to Imogene's lips; and then the door opened and General Neer came in.

"Philip—oh! Philip! I have come!"

She fell on her knees, this proud, strong woman, and looked up in his stern face, her eyes floating in tears.

He stooped and took her in his arms. "My wife! my wife!"

am I so unlike other women, that he never comes to me, that I must suffer on and on and on?"

She raised her voice to a perfect wail of agony, and you never would have dreamed that the calm, emotionless face could have grown so stormy with feeling, or that the cold eye could have so over-flooded with rushing tears.

And all for that fair-haired girl who has cast her withering charms around him—my husband! Who has that subtle, secret influence to lead him to her caprices, that I would barter soul and body for! Philip! Philip! if you only would try me you'd see I'd love you more than Hermione L'Estrange can or ever will!"

And thus this proud woman whiled away the early morning hours of that cold winter dawn; of all the wide world none knew the result of that sadly-solemn season of self-communion.

But, the next morning, there was more fire and glitter in her purple-black eyes than was usually there; and the obscurant attendant on her stately, lonely breakfast at ten, wondered what made her so deathly pale and determined.

Immediately after breakfast she ordered her brougham around, and, attired in her costly furs, velvets and silks, she stepped proudly in, gave the coachman the direction, and then, with eyes like glittering stars, leaned back against the azure-velvet cushions.

It was no evil spirit that looked forth from those bright, beautiful eyes, it was only an intense excitement that betrayed Imogene Athelyn's anxiety lest her mission should prove futile; lest the object she attained to was beyond her grasp—and no wonder her heart bounded and her cheek paled when she realized that her all hung on the accomplishment of this object.

She was going to Hermione L'Estrange, the girl with her radiant hair, who had power enough over Imogene's husband to keep him from his wife's side.

Imogene had been a sad story; and she proposed telling it to Miss L'Estrange, who, in her sweet charity, thought Hermione might not know that her lover and Imogene's husband were one.

She intended telling her all about the private marriage years ago; of the estrangement that followed, of the pride on her side, and the stubborn willfulness on his.



WHY SHE NEVER DANCED.

Unspeakingly tender were his words, husky and hoarse though they were; and, folded against his broad breast in an embrace so close, so passionate that it almost crushed her, Imogene knew, for a very truth, her coming had not been in vain.

Of course the world opened its Argus eyes, in excessive wonder, but it was possible that General Neer was Mrs. Athelyn's husband, and Miss L'Estrange his daughter by a previous marriage?

So it seemed, and a brighter family circle never gathered around a fireside than they. Even after this, when strangers wondered why Mrs. General Neer could never be persuaded to dance, some one told them how, all for a dance, her happiness had been so nearly shipwrecked for life, and that now, nothing could induce her to revive those bitter memories by again participating.

Bessie Raynor: THE FACTORY GIRL.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,
AUTHOR OF "COLLEGE RIVALS," "MASKED MINER,"
"FIFTY THOUSAND REWARD," "THE MISSING
FINCH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A LAPSE OF TIME.

THE summer had passed; autumn had come and gone, snow-clouds had gathered in the air, and snow had whitened town, churchyard and lane. Christmas had come and gone. The "New Year," with its greetings and "calls," all had come and gone.

The year eighteen hundred and sixty had come and we re-begin our story on the ninth of January, a day preceding one of the blackest, the most awful, the saddest, the longest remembered in the annals of New England.

Before going on regularly, however, it will be necessary, briefly, to refer to the history of our characters in this interval of time.

Bessie Raynor, as soon as she had made the discovery that the chest was empty—that the deeds to the house in which she lived—to the lands in Illinois, near the

ther; read it, to strengthen himself in his resolve.

More than once, too, he had timidly offered money; but, on such occasions Bessie had flung his honest offer rudely in his teeth.

Lorin Gray had never gone again to the Ames mansion. He had, on several occasions, met Minerva on the streets or driving with Malcolm Arlington. At first, he had spoken quietly and respectfully to her, but, as she did not return his salutation, he soon ceased to recognize her.

As for Minerva, it seemed, indeed, that the sight she had witnessed through the open window of the Raynor home had cured her of her love or fancy for Lorin Gray, had alienated her entirely from him. She seemed happy and contented enough as she walked, like a queen, by the side of the stern-looking, aristocratic banker, whom rumor said was soon to be her husband.

But there were times when Minerva Ames was alone, when the silence and sadness and solemnity of the night drew around her, when, within the sacred precincts of her own room, that shade of sorrow, of heart-deep regret came to her fair face, scalding tears to her eye.

With Arthur Ames the time had dragged itself slowly along. As usual, he went to the bank during business hours. But, that was simply habit. The money in that bank was not his; the business there brought him no revenue. He had no interest there, save in noticing, and if possible, adding to the welfare of his expected son-in-law.

He had grown haggard and pale as the time wore away, and his step was slow, nervous and halting. Often, in the silence of his chamber, in which he kept his papers, he would start at the slamming of a door, at a tap on his panel, at the creaking of a shutter, and the rattle of the sashes.

Bessie Raynor, of late, had passed from his mutterings—perhaps from his mind. This true, several months before—just four weeks after the burial of old Silas Raynor—he had one night gone to the Raynor home.

Thus he did, after much stimulation with brandy. That night was one never to be forgotten by Bessie, for then, in an off-hand, yet trembling manner, Arthur Ames, this old, gray-headed man, had offered her—marriage!

Indignantly, unhesitatingly, she had rejected him, and ordered him from the house. Then a wild storm of anger had burst forth from the old man, as he told her of her poverty. Then, too, he had demanded the rent for the house in which she lived.

In vain Bessie had asserted that her dying father had told her the house was his own, that it was paid for, but, tauntingly, the old man demanded the deed to prove it. Punctually had he collected the rental every month; and from her hard-earned savings Bessie paid him.

As of old, Black Phil often came to his house, and the fellow became bolder and bolder, and more exorbitant in his demands.

Old Ames groaned, but Black Phil heeded him not; he simply reiterated his demands; and he always went away with his money gains.

Malcolm Arlington was, as always, a business man—methodical, punctual, honest, and, of course, prosperous. Lorin Gray, whom he had ceased to notice, almost to remember, never came up before his vision to disturb him.

His marriage with Minerva Ames was fixed for the night of January tenth, eighteen hundred and sixty.

Mother Moll was more serious and solemn than was her wont. Her eye did not sparkle so brightly as of old, and her movements were slow.

She spent long hours bending over the smoking helibore and hyssop, and when the moon was shining and flinging its shadows like white-winged specters through the bare branches of the trees, she might have been seen prowling through the woods, muttering and sighing, her head bent and her hands crossed before her.

And Mother Moll was often, before she sought her couch, upon her knees by the bedside, in prayer—a strange thing for her.

Thus matters stood on the evening of the ninth of January, eighteen hundred and sixty.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A POWDER FOR RATS.

IT was dark night again, a dark, cold winter night. All was still, save the creeping wind, which, with its icy breath, swept along the frozen river, and crooned through the bare branches of the trees.

A light gleamed from the window of Black Phil's cabin. It came from the same lamp, the same window, the same room as the one in which we have before introduced the reader.

In that room, close to a glowing fire on the hearth, sat Black Phil. The mill had "let out" early that afternoon, in consequence of some new machinery having to be put in, including huge turbine wheels. Nancy had lingered in the city and had not returned.

Black Phil's eyes were fixed stargingly in the fire, as if from the glowing coals he was weaving fancies, as if from the ashes he was resurrecting "black" buried images. His cheek was pale, and his dark brow was wrinkled into a deep, anxious frown. His thick, bushy hair hung in matted masses over his forehead and added to his wild, disordered appearance.

Near the door was a lounge; on it a coarse coverlet and pillow. The man had been asleep.

"Gracious! what a horrible dream!" he muttered, after a few moments. "So life-like! so real! Yet, twenty-two years have rolled round since that night. Ugh! I feel the little black shadow here now, touching my elbow! Oh, heavens! and thought old Merrimac is frozen tight, I can hear coming up from its dark depths a low, ghastly wail! I feel that I am stifling! I know that something dreadful overhangs me!"

He rose and staggered toward the window. With a blow of his brawny fist he shattered sash, frame and all.

The cold air rushed in and filled the room with its freezing breath. The man panted heavily, as if he was drinking in the elastic atmosphere.

"I feel better," he muttered. "That dream was too much for me, and Nancy is away! A thought! Yes, to-night is a good time. The hour is not late. If anybody in the world knows about that—that matter, it is old Moll. She is a strange old woman, and has told of some very strange things, a long time before they happened, too! No one will be there to-night. I will go, and I'll learn from the old sorceress if she knows

any thing about this dark, terrible affair. I will have all from her, or I'll choke the tongue from her mouth!"

He did not hesitate long. Taking down a coarse overcoat from a peg against the wall, he arranged the coils so that they would not do any damage during his absence. He left the lamp burning, and striding to the door, which led into the darkness without, he opened it. Ere his foot had crossed the threshold, a woman, bundled in shawls and coarse wrappings, pushed in, and out of the darkness came the old woman.

"Thank you, Phil; you are clever to open for me," she said, with a sneer. Her face was red and her eyes were dancing in her head. The odor which exhaled from her parted lips told a tale.

"You, Nancy! and drunk at that!" exclaimed the man, starting back as a deep, threatening frown wrinkled his brow.

"Yes, 'tis me, Phil, and I am not drunk," replied the woman. "I've got enough aboard to suit me when the thermometer is below zero, that's all! But where are you going, Phil? Ain't you tired enough, without going out again?"

The man did not answer. He pretended not to hear her, as he buttoned his coat around his throat and drew his hat over his eyes.

"I say, Phil, where are you going? Can't you hear me?" and the woman reeled toward him.

"I am going out to attend to my own business," answered the man. "So don't hinder me," and he strove to pass by her.

But the woman promptly and boldly barred his way, and she said to him: "No, you don't, Black Phil!" she said; "you've been away from me all the time, lately! I suppose you are going to see that pale-faced Bessie Raynor?"

Her eyes glittered, and drunk as she was, she stood erect and firm, as she asked the question.

A bright look came into the man's face. He did not want her to know any thing of his contemplated trip to Mother Moll's. He took a cue from Nancy's question.

"What if I do go to see Bessie?" As I have asked you before tonight, whose business is it? Get out of my way, woman! Ha! you dare me to my teeth! Then, take that!"

As he spoke, he suddenly struck her a violent blow on the side of the head, sending her reeling like an ox, to the floor.

Another moment, and without a glance at her prostrate form, Black Phil hurried the door open again, and rushed forth into the night.

In ten minutes he paused, as he reached the road, and stood perfectly still, as a single horse carriage rattled up and rolled by.

"A bold traveler on such a night as this!" and going the same way with me!" he muttered, as he again entered the road and strode on his way.

Slowly Nancy had recovered herself. With difficulty she staggered to her feet, and then sunk into a chair. A silence of some minutes ensued; the woman's heavy breathing, as her brawny breast rose and fell, alone being heard; but, by an effort, she aroused herself.

"Ha! ha!" she exclaimed, "well done for you, Black Phil! Your blow was from the shoulder, and well delivered! Ha! ha! 'tis very well, Phil! I thank you for the stroke! It reminds me of my own, and it nerves me to do the deed. Ay! Black Phil! I have sworn it! You and I part to-morrow forever! Ha! ha! forever! and Bessie Raynor can't go with you! First, the money! it shall be mine! Then, to-morrow, the draught! glorious! glorious!"

She again staggered to her feet and reeled toward the mantelpiece.

She began to press her hand on the wall, feeling it seemed, for some hidden spring. For a long time she worked in vain.

But, all at once, as she suddenly, with an exclamation and a bitter expression of disappointment, leaned her whole weight against the wall, to her surprise and joy, it yielded.

The woman stepped back and gazed. There lay the large pile of glittering gold!

"'Tis mine at last!" she muttered, as, scooping the coins out, she concealed them beneath her dress, in receptacles already prepared.

The task was soon done. Then she broke the spring of the secret door, so that it would not respond to pressure, and shut it tightly in its place in the wall.

She drew near the lounge by the door and was about to cast herself upon it, but paused.

"I'll look once more at the sleep-maker!" she whispered.

Drawing a small package from her pocket, and opening it, she gazed at its contents.

"'Tis a good thing to have rats in the house!" she said.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

OLD MOLL'S VISITOR.

MOTHER MOLL, on this cold winter night, sat in her house, rubbing her withered hands over the stove, which glowed with a dull red color. The lamp was burning dimly on the mantelpiece, flinging the few articles of furniture into half-shade and half-relief, and casting over the floor grotesque, unseemly shadows.

Near the old woman lay a shovel, with a dark, oily mass in it, and by it, on a piece of marble, was a pile of ashes.

The room was filled with a faint, suffocating odor.

She at length arose, and shuffled across the room to the window on the east. She flung open the shutter and gazed out at the quiet, sleeping world.

Far in the distance, the twinkling lights, like eyes in the night, marked the city of Lawrence.

Mother Moll gazed, and suddenly started. The great, blood-red moon, gleaming through the murky atmosphere, far away, at that moment broke through the edges of the tree-tops of the distant forest.

"Good Heavens!" muttered the old woman, starting back. "The moon to my left hand, and bare boughs between us! A bad sign! DEATH is to come! The time approaches, and the—"

She paused and peered sharply down the long, dull, gray line of the frozen, snowy road.

As she spoke, a carriage, driven rapidly, came into view. Quickly the smoking steed dashed along. In a few moments the vehicle stopped before the little house.

"As I thought!" muttered the old woman. "And I know who it is! Now, indeed, the time, the hour, the minute, approach!"

She closed the shutter softly, lowered the window, and returned to her place by the stove.

Scarcely had she seated herself, when a rap sounded on the panel. Before she could respond, the door was opened and a short man in a long overcoat, with a wide hat drawn over his eyes, entered.

Mother Moll turned and sat erect in her chair.

"Arthur Ames! you are welcome! Enter!" The man started violently.

"How know you, old woman, that I am Arthur Ames?"

"I expected you. Again I say, welcome, and enter. But now, your business?"

He cast his hat aside and drew near the stove.

"I am Arthur Ames, old woman," he said; "but it seems to me, as you know every thing else about me, you should know my business, too," and he sneered.

The fortune-teller started; a snake-like, revealing gleam came to her eyes and a rigidity to her lips, as she replied:

"I did not say that I knew not your business. Trust me, man, when I say I know many things about you, but my lips are sealed till gold has touched my palm."

"I came to get information from you; for that information I have brought gold with which to pay you."

"This well; the hour and the place are propitious, the hellbore burns brightly, and the stars are clear. Cross my palm and speak on."

The old man laid several golden pieces in her hand. She bowed, as she said, half-mockingly:

"You are liberal, Arthur Ames, with your money."

She placed the gold beneath her girdle; then she arose, and bringing from the dresser a hand a bundle of dried herbs, she flung them on the marble.

"Now tell me, Arthur Ames, what would you have me unfold to you—the past or the future?" and she gazed him sternly in the face.

"I have a fair daughter; to-morrow night she weds. Tell me if, in her married life, happiness and wealth shall be hers?"

The old woman, with a wisp of paper, lighted the dry herbs on the marble block. They flared up, and, in a moment, sent forth a dense volume of blue-gray smoke, which wound itself into fantastic wreaths, and floated away to the ceiling.

Her visitor started back. "Do what he could, he was awed."

The old woman, still standing, closed her eyes for a moment, and said, in a low, deliberate tone:

"Minerva Ames will, to-morrow night, stand by the side of Malcolm Arlington and answer questions put to her by the clergyman. But—there'll be trouble."

"Interrupt me not, or the sight vanishes!" said the woman. Then, after a brief pause, with her eyes still closed, she continued:

"Her after-days will be spent in peace, happily."

She ceased.

"And money! money, Mother Moll! will my daughter have it? Speak!"

"All that her heart will desire she shall have, and in abundance!"

"Heaven be thanked for that!" murmured old Ames, as he bent his head.

Several moments passed in silence. The herbs were still burning and the smoke was still curling up in the room.

Mother Moll opened her eyes.

"Would you have more of me, Arthur Ames?" she asked. "You have said, well, and the hellbore burns brightly still. The curtains are drawn and I can see far into the future—far back into the past."

"The past! the past! Can you see into the past, and bring up its secrets again? Speak, woman; or are you but trifling with me?" and as his eyes glared wildly at her, he sprung to his feet and advanced toward her.

With an imperious wave of the hand, Mother Moll checked him.

"I can read of the past. Think over some old-time picture in your mind, and I'll tell it to you."

The old woman spoke solemnly; but now a bright glow had sprung to her cheeks and a tremor slightly shook her voice.

Old Arthur's face grew pale; he sunk into a chair and said:

"I recall a scene of twenty-two years ago. Can you tell it me?"

"Is it fixed in your mind?"

"Indubitably!"

"Then listen."

As she spoke, she flung another handful of herbs upon the smoldering embers on the marble.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BURNING THE HELLEBORE.

For some moments Mother Moll paused. She muttered some low, indistinguishable words in a tremulous tone, and kept her head bent over the flaring flame on the marble.

The thick, curling smoke arose around her frame and almost obscured her from sight.

It was a strange, inspiring scene, and Arthur Ames looked on with awe and wonder. At length the old woman spoke:

"Listen well, Arthur Ames; the vision rises clear before me."

She paused.

"I am listening, Mother Moll; speak on."

The man's words were scarcely audible.

"Ah! I see! yes! I see it plainly: A dark night; clouds over the moon; the stars hid from sight; all dreariness, blackness, gloom! A few lights here and there, scattered in the sleeping town, telling that there are those who still linger up. At the corner of a black-looking alley, near the river, two men stand; one slender, well-dressed, white-handed—a gentleman; the other, coarsely clad, large-limbed, short, dark-browed—a carter. Do not start nor interrupt me! I command you to be still and open not your mouth, or the vision vanishes! The men converse in low, excited tones. They leave the corner of the black alley, and next are seen on a main thoroughfare, then on the steps of a mansion of some pretensions. They enter; they stand in a library; they speak again. Ink, and pens, and paper on the table. A contract is written and signed; money is passed from the gentleman unto the carter. They leave the library and creep up-stairs. They enter a room above. In that room, a sleeping child breathes gently in a cradle; 'tis scarce three years old. Oh! how beautiful that poor, sleeping innocent, as it sweetly, softly breathes and tosses its little round arm above its curly head! On that arm a mark or a scar. Start not, man, nor dare interrupt me now! A moment the carter gazes at the sleeping child, ties a handkerchief tightly over its mouth, covers it with the skirts of his large coat and hur-

ries out. Then from the house. On he goes. At last, far down by the river, where now the dam spans the sheet, the dark-browed villain is seen. He heeds not the suffocating, appealing wail; the quick, hurried breathing of the startled innocent. He stands and gazes into the dark water; then, as a sudden determination seizes him, he raises the child aloft, and hurls the little, helpless thing far into the dark stream!

Oh! God! A splash, a violent bubbling of the water, and then, the pale moon creeps from behind a ragged cloud and gazes down. Good heavens, the sight! the sight! A little white face scared and wet; a little, tiny hand stretched out from the dark water and all has disappeared! All is silence! Oh! God! and the old woman staggered back and leaned against a mantle.

Arthur Ames, his face white as a wind-sheer, his eyes starting from his head, sprung to his feet. He strove to say something; then, an unmeaning, gibbering laugh broke from his lips.

The old woman aroused herself, and strode toward him.

"You like the picture?" she exclaimed. "Listen further, then, and with her long, lean, almost fleshless finger, she pointed him to a seat."

Awe-struck, the man sunk back.

"Listen, I say, Arthur Ames! Far down the banks of that black river, a small, dark object floats ashore. From the bushes a singular form emerges. The little object moves."

"Woman! you lie! you lie!" exclaimed Arthur Ames, springing to his feet and rushing toward her.

"Back! man! I am armed!"

At that instant, a low rap sounded on the door, not the front, but the one to the rear.

"Go, Arthur Ames," continued the old woman, speaking hurriedly. "Some one comes; it might not be safe for you to be seen here. Begone! and remember my words! Remember, too, that the reckoning day is coming!"

With the glare of a baffled tiger, Arthur Ames turned and strode hurriedly from the room.

Not until she heard the horse's hoofs ringing in the frosty crust of the road did Mother Moll pay heed to the other summons. It came again.

The old woman walked to the door and opening it cautiously, peered out. Instantly, the door was pushed rudely open, and a short, burly man entered.

Mother Moll started back.

"You, Black Phil, and what do you want of me?" she asked, as a frown came to her face, a frown mixed with an expression of fear; and she retreated toward the mantle.

"'Tis I, Black Phil, indeed, Mother Moll; but I am not here to harm you," said the man, respectfully.

"Then, your business? Quick, out with it!" and she spoke imperiously.

The man did not hesitate.

"They tell me, Mother Moll," he began, in a low voice, though he kept his burning eyes upon her, "as a fortune-teller, you can unravel things to come and bring to light things of the past."

He paused.

"Whoever says that of me, speaks the truth. Go on; what would you have of me?"

"Well, I know of a poor child years ago, some twenty or more, that got away from its nurse and fell in the river. It was thought to be drowned; others since then have thought not. That child had a mark on its right arm like a scar. Can you tell me, if I cross your palm with money, if that poor child was drowned?"

The old woman gazed at him steadily for several moments, and then as she jerked her hand away, refusing the silver which he held out to her, she said, in a deep, impressive voice:

"He who sunk by the moon's pale light, Shall live again, as sure as day Follows the close of day!"

The man started at her strange, solemnly uttered words.

"What mean you, Mother Moll?" and with frightened look, he drew near to her.

"And he, though poor, a wail on the way, Shall have his again, as sure as day Succeeds the shades of night!"

Black Phil turned back; he gasped for breath.

"Then 'tis true! true!" he muttered.

"Flee, flee, Black Phil; flee from the bottled wrath in store for you!"

As she spoke she waved him from her. With a word, the man turned and rushed from the house.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 75.)

The Ocean Girl:

OR, THE BOY BUCCANEER.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST,

AUTHOR OF "CRUISER CRUISE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

MEANWHILE the pirate runaways had reached the range, and, in fact, could not be seen. Half an hour after their departure it was quite dark, with the heat oppressive and uncomfortable. There was not the faintest breath of wind in the heavens above, or on the waters below. The sky was, however, cloudless, while the stars were obscured by a thin mist. The elements seemed temporarily stagnated.

As soon as they were out of reach of the Indian's menaces, Jabez Grunn peered about to catch a glimpse of the buccaneer, which could not be far off. The men meanwhile, who had provided themselves with both rum and brandy, took a heavy pull.

"Arist heaven!" cried Jabez. "None of your mutiny here. If we get drunk, no more brigantine for us. Heave and pull; hand over the wicker this way, old moon-face," addressing a German vagabond.

And having received the wicker-bound bottle, he took a heavy drink after which he popped the whole under the stern sheets, and bade the men row.

The cool impudence with which he made himself captain seemed to amaze the men, who, however, pulled off their jackets, and began to bend to their work with a will. But, though they made considerable progress in the desired direction, the brigantine could not yet be seen.

All, therefore, with one accord desisted from rowing, vowing they'd have a drain, and go to sleep. The atmosphere had by this time become more opaque, and the darkness more intense and horrible.

"Well, just as you likes, you know, my hearties," cried Jabez Grunn; "but, if we're took we shall hang, instead of hang-

ing that there cursed young reefer as has blowed upon us."

"You knows as we can't see nothing," replied one, "and it ain't no good a-rowing. So hand over the beaker, and we'll keep a nigger's watch till morning—take in sail, and go below."

"I believe it's all you're good for," growled Jabez, as he plunged his nose into the bottle, and after a heavy draught, resigned it to his companions. "But, you see, the devil won't have none of you, for there's the brigantine. We're close on board."

And then it was that they were hailed as before related.

"Well, sir," said the buccaneer captain, "what has made you return?"

"I think I have pretty well explained," said his subordinate, gruffly; "where's that young thief? I mean to wring his neck afore I turns in."

"Sir, I am captain of this ship. Go forward to your berth. If you have any complaint to make about any of your shipmates, let it be done in a proper way; I will then take notice of it."

With something more like a grunt than is generally heard from the lips of a man, Jabez took his way to the forecabin, where the men were about to take supper. As the Ocean Girl was not intended to carry any cargo, except such pretty trifles as silks, ivory, gold dust, and the like, the space afforded to the men was very large. They were in all respects quite as well lodged as the crew of a man-of-war.

Down the center of the lower deck there was a long deal table, with benches, and this was loaded with provisions. Though, in the interests of all good discipline was ordered and enforced, there were no restrictions as to food or drink, except that certain petty officers were bound to report any instances of actual drunkenness. As, on board the Indianan, grog, unless stolen, was a rare commodity, her runaway crew joined in the festivities with great delight, eating, drinking, and then singing to their hearts' content.

But Jabez Grunn, though he put a whole bottle of whisky before him, did not thence become very talkative. He was brooding, brooding, first, over the public affront put upon him by the captain; secondly, over the means of avenging himself.

Now the sea-lawyer, as he was often called by his companions, had long nourished one ambition, and that was to take Captain Gantling's place. Hitherto, however, he had never any chance of carrying out his views; the skipper was popular, and a good sailor.

Now, there was an opportunity not to be thrown away. They must all know that Ned was a traitor.

"Well!" he suddenly cried, "what about this here young spy? Ain't he a-going to be hung?"

"What spy?"

"This here young Ned Drake."

"But he's the captain's friend."

"But he ain't. The damned young varmint has been peached. If we hadn't come away quite promiscuous-like, we should have had the darbies on us afore now. I say as the law of our craft must be put into operation. The young devil shall swing."

"Tell us all about it!" cried one.

Jabez Grunn asked no better; and rising, with a full command of that rough eloquence which is so persuasive with sailors, he told all he knew, and a great deal more, about Edward's arrival on board the Duke of Kent, about his reception in the cabin, about his open enmity to all belonging to the buccaneer. He wound up by demanding that he should be put upon his trial as a traitor and a spy.

General approbation followed, and it was determined that an instant demand should be made to that effect upon the captain. A dozen were balloted for, and, led by Jabez Grunn, who agreed to be speaker, they marched aft.

CHAPTER XII.

UNDER HATCHES.

THE night was now rather misty than dark. A full and bright moon had arisen, but it pursued its way through the heavens behind a dense body of dusky clouds, which only now and then allowed the borrowed light to penetrate. From the deck of the Ocean Girl the Indianan was still clearly visible, all her sails set, and fogging slowly ahead, before a wind so light as to be scarcely perceptible.

There was one figure only on the quarter-deck. It was that of the buccaneer.

He stood with folded arms, leaning on his sword, which, as usual in the times of which we speak, was a heavy cavalry one. He had a brace of pistols in his belt, and others lying openly on the capstan.

From Dirtrick he had just received a report relative to what was going on; so that he was fully equipped, except that he knew not how far the mutiny had extended.

Dirtrick had retired to leeward, where also Ned Drake sat, very indifferent as to what was going on aboard. His thoughts were far away on board the East Indianan, with his companion and friend, little Loo, whose society to him was charming.

The men came huddling up behind Grunn, very much like a flock of sheep. The dense mass of the ship's crew could be distinguished forward. From habitual respect to the quarter-deck, a kind of instinct with the profession, the ugly sailor took off his hat.

The buccaneer stood as if perfectly unconscious of his presence.

"Ahem! a word with you, if you please, sir."

"Well," said Gantling, coldly.

"Me and my mates we've been talking over this affair of Ned Drake's, and we've come to the conclusion—"

"You mean to say that, like the reckless vagabond you are, you have been inciting the men to mutiny. I've a great mind to put a bullet through your head."

"There ain't been no talk of mutiny, sir; but this young shaver, on duty connected with the ship, has blown upon his mess-mates, and so we call upon you to put him on his trial."

"And if not?"

"Why then we means to make short work of it, and if, sir, while we are settling his hash, we has to imprison you—"

"Go forward, sir; you are drunk!"

"No, sir, I ain't drunk; but I speaks the meaning of all the crew."

A loud shout from the deputation, followed by a cheer from the remnant of the men, indicated that Grunn was right, and that caution was essential on the captain's part.

"The youth shall be put upon his trial," he continued.

"Thank you, sir; that is quite fair. May I ask when?"

"To-morrow, if we lose sight of the Indianan; which, I am sorry to say, we must give up for the present."

"That we, all suppose," cried Grunn, "and all this doing. Is the lubber below?"

"He shall be put into the dark hole in irons, but the first man who strikes or ill-uses him dies by my hand."

Ned Drake, who had heard all, now rose and confronted the crew. His mien was proud and haughty.

"What have I done?"

"I'll teach you, you young whelp," cried Grunn; "to the black hole

which the rose and walked to the door, where the drunken ex-boatman of the Ocean Girl clutched him by the arm.

"Move on you!" grunted the ruffian, using a foul epithet, and lifting his hand to strike.

"I say," cried Dittick, "none of that; a bargain's a bargain; he's to be tried for a monkey, growled Grunn.

"Well, heave ahead; a mighty fuss about a young varmint as is only fit for a powder-monkey," growled Grunn.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TRIAL.

It was well-appointed ships of the present day, the lower deck, occupied by the crew, is comfortable and clean; on board men of war the earliest attention of the officers is given to the berthing of the men, without which no orderly discipline can be established. Cleanliness, room and ventilation are seen to, the lower deck guns being run in and housed, while care is taken that the guard and quarter-masters are disposed of in the wings, or anywhere out of the gangways, so that the deck may be cleared easily, and the men who have night-watches may not be disturbed.

On board the buccaner no order of the kind prevailed. The officers were content to see to their own comfort and security, leaving the men, entirely to themselves, so that they were berthed just as their own fancy suggested. Some had hammocks, some standing bunks, some lay on the floor.

In the present instance, all except an anchor-watch were below, so that the forecastle was crowded to excess. Candles were stuck about, and whether the men reclined on the floor, or sat by tables, or near sea-chests, they were all drinking and smoking.

A rude chair was provided for Ned. It was on the top of a large cask, so that, when seated on it, he was in full view of the whole crew, who were about to decide his fate.

Grunn, who by force of impudence and swagger had got into the position of president, took his seat at a long table, round which were the oldest tars, men without much heart or conscience, their souls scared by the life of rapine, lust and plunder they had so long led. All had run in abundance.

"What's the report from deck?" said Grunn, to a pale-faced young sailor, near at hand.

"Officers batted down," replied the man, "and a guard over the gangway."

"Any resistance?"

"They're kicking up a blessed row," continued the reporter from the deck.

"Let 'em kick. Mind they don't kick a hole in her garboard strakes, and go to the bottom."

"What, with all hands, messmate?" asked a gruff old salt.

"No, but I'm thinking the ship 'ud be lighter for the room of them officers," grinned Grunn.

"There's a little wind, sir," said a man, peering down the forecastle.

"Keep her sou'-west, and look out for the Injuman."

And striking his fist heavily on the table, the ugly seaman called for silence, and then in a speech, the coarseness and blasphemy of which prevents it from soiling our pages, he recorded his opinion of the conduct of Ned, which he painted in the vilest and most hideous of colors.

"So now, you see, this here young scoundrel's robbed us of that ere ship's treasure; so I says, in the first place, he's been mutinous, so well cut him to ribbons with the cat; then, as he's stole our plunder, it shall be the thief's cat, with three knots in each tail."

"One word, you cold-blooded ruffian!" cried Ned, hotly.

"Silence in the court! Then it's my idea he should be keel-hauled afore he changes."

A roar of laughter from some of the crew showed how much the three phases of punishment were enjoyed in anticipation.

Hangings and floggings need no description from us, but keel-hauling may not be understood so readily. A long rope is passed under the ship, from a block fastened to the mainyard. About the center of the rope the body of the victim is fastened, and several men pulling on one side, the sufferer is drawn right under the bottom, where, if not suffocated, he receives such cuts and injuries as probably maim him for life.

It is a cruel punishment, but is varied in small fore and aft vessels, by sending the navigator on a voyage of discovery under the bottom of the vessel, lowering him down over the bows, and with ropes retaining him exactly in his position under the keelson.

While he is drawn aft by a hauling line, until he makes his appearance at the rudder chains.

The punishment is of Dutch invention, but was often used by our old brutal captains and admirals—a coarse, drinking, ignorant set of fellows, without an atom of mercy in their composition.

"Does you all think this young varmint guilty?" continued Jabez Grunn.

"I ask to be heard," exclaimed Ned.

"Silence, you mutinous rascal!" cried Jabez, "or I'll have you put in irons again."

"Anywhere, rather than in your company. Englishmen—for some of you, at least, bear that honored name—is it your intention to allow me to be judged by a beer-swilling Dutchman, whose sole object is to get rid of his humane and able officers; that drunkard as he is, he may have the satisfaction of sending you all to perdition in the first gale of wind?"

"Silence, you swab!" roared Grunn.

"No, no!—hear him!—he's a brave boy!" shouted the English party.

"That's fair," cried Dittick.

"Silence, you mutinous hogs!—you scarecrows!" shrieked Grunn, who knew that his adherents were in the majority; "is this the respect you owe to the court?"

"Court be jiggered!" observed Dittick; "it's no opinion there ain't no court; but if so be there is, why, I say, hear the prisoner at the bar."

"You bargoon-sawing son of a sea-cook!" yelled the infuriated boatswain, "sit down, or I'll make you."

"Boo!" said Dittick, casting off his jacket, and appearing in another moment with his sleeves tucked up; "come and do it. I say, he shall be heard, that's sartin; you say he shan't—let's fight for it!"

"A ring!—a ring!" cried the delighted sailors, jumping up one and all, and clapping their hands.

"It ain't usual," blustered Jabez Grunn, "for the court to fight a sea-labber."

"The court's afraid," muttered one or two of the English part of the crew.

Grunn's eyes were always red and blood-shot from passion and drink, but now they were hideous. His sallow complexion was of a whiter hue, and though really not afraid, he looked sufficiently alarmed to arouse the murmurs of many of the crew.

"No white-livered cur for captain," said one.

"Who spoke?" cried Grunn, turning round with a savage glare upon his face.

There was dead silence. The look of the Dutch ruffian was very ominous, and none cared, just then, to confront his anger.

With a grim smile, he began divesting himself of his coat, and as he did so, he showed a power of muscle such as is seldom surpassed in the human frame. He held up his arm and tapped the thick part of it with satisfaction.

"A clear ring, and no favor," said an Englishman, who was used to the whole affair, and who, as a matter of course, was appointed general umpire.

His injunctions were obeyed, and soon an eager crowd of men were moved back in every direction, to stand with glaring eyes and hopeful countenances, over the delightful prospect offered to them. A fair stand-up fight between two grown men was not an every-day occurrence on board ship.

It is not for us here to record such a combat. Poetry, prose, and the nondescript literature of the ring, have exhausted the topic; suffice it to say that they fought like men; that height and weight were in favor of Grunn, to say nothing of practice, his face being seamed from similar encounters; that Dittick fell prostrate to the ground, and thrice rose from his "mother earth as a giant refreshed;" in the fourth round the smaller man was more wary, and finally struck his antagonist such a heavy blow between the eyes as to incapacitate him from moving for some minutes.

On this, "time" was called, and Dittick adjudged the victor.

"Well," said Grunn, with a malignant scowl, as soon as he was able to resume his seat as judge, "we'll hear the prisoner; it won't save him from keel-hauling, the scoundrel!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Dittick, who had seen Ned escape twenty minutes before the fight had lasted over half an hour—"first catch your fish."

"Thunder and blazes," yelled the discomfited Grunn, "this is some infernal treachery of yours."

"I've saved the brave boy—"

"To—h—with the traitor," shrieked Grunn, rising.

"Rub-a-dub! dub!"

The ship's drum beat to quarters. Mechanically the men tumbled up, to find the officers, marines, and several of the loyal portion of the crew, armed to the teeth, with a heavy swivel gun pointed at the mutineers.

"Down with your arms!" shouted the loud-ringing metallic voice of the skipper; "Put that man Grunn in irons at once—at the third word, I fire. Once, twice—"

Grunn was seized, some of his own friends being the first to lay hands upon him, and committed, heavily ironed, to the dark and gloomy den to which he had consigned Ned.

"Bring Ned aft," said Gantling, addressing Dittick.

"Can't sir,"—and, with no other apology, he at once explained what had occurred, adding that Ned must have unbattered the officers.

"He's best away," mused Gantling, and, walking away, he looked over the taffrail into the deep blue water, on which sparkled the reflection of a few stars. "That was his voice—I knew it."

CHAPTER XIV.

ALONE ON THE WATERS.

NED had watched the progress of the quarrel between Dittick and Grunn with intense interest. At first it appeared to him a mere accidental quarrel; but one glance from his faithful and attached follower sufficed to let him see what was meant. It was a got-up affair, to enable him to escape. Now Ned knew those by whom he was surrounded, too well, not to be aware that the majority would hail the cry of all hands to punishment with grim delight; and, as his imagination consoled him to a very vivid idea of what keel-hauling was, he resolved to make a dash for his life.

For a moment, all thought of the prisoner, who was being tried for his life, was absent from the minds of those to whom the brutal spectacle of a fight was supreme delight. Ned saw this, and slowly and cautiously let himself down off the barrel on to the ground. His task was then comparatively done, as to glide along the side of the ship, where shadowy darkness played, was to him easy; the ladder, quite in gloom, so that he ascended it, giving one last glance at the scene, just as the two adversaries were striking their first blows.

Such was the excitement caused by the fight, that the wind being very light and steady, the man at the wheel had lashed the helm amidships, and gone below. The deck was entirely abandoned. The marines, who were all faithful to a man, were secured in the after-hold.

Ned at once determined to release Gantling, and without making any more noise than he could help, he unfastened the battens that confined the companion-way, and in a hollow voice spoke down the ladder.

"Mutiny and murder going on; creep on deck, and be cautious."

Then with a bound he reached the hammock rail, clambered over the side, loosening the knot of his rope, and hid in the main chains. He distinctly heard Captain Gantling and his officers come on deck, and then with a brave heart he lowered himself to his raft, and, parting away from the ship's side, which, heaving and rising slowly to the wind, passed ahead of him, he launched into darkness.

Wary and exhausted, it was sufficient for Ned that he was free; and, with one short, unthought prayer to the Giver of all Good, he lay down and slept soundly.

A chilly sensation awoke him. It was some rain falling, as it often does just before break of day. Ned now examined his raft. It was composed of two butts and four half-hogheads, water-tight, empty, but well bunged; the whole lashed together by means of a copious and judicious use of strands, spunt, yarn, and sennit. Not a nail had been used, and yet three planks formed the deck. A twelve-gallon cask of water, not half full, a pannikin, and a small tub of bread, were all in the provision way; but there were two pistols, a cutlass, a spar suitable for a mast, and the means of steering it, together with a boat's ensign reversed.

Having examined thus far, Ned Drake looked around him; the sea, under the influence of a gentle breeze, was smooth, though the water was broken, and a slight morning haze obscured the atmosphere. In the distance he clearly saw the white sails of two vessels, and strangely enough, both were coming toward him. Now, our young hero's eyes were keen enough for him to notice them both. To the eastward was the buccaner, under a heavy press of sail; while, to the westward, was the Indianman, and, within half a mile, or so.

They were both heading northward. A moment's reflection explained this seeming anomaly. They were looking for him. Captain Gantling, knowing the time that Ned Drake went adrift, was returning on his way, steering exactly the opposite tack, while the Indianman was either closing up to fight, or was imitating the maneuver of the other.

Ned Drake at once proceeded to hoist his small sail at the mast-head, with the union-jack reversed; Dittick having taken the precaution to lash a slight pole for the purpose. The raft, slight as was the motion given to it by the sail, took the desired direction, heading for the Indianman. The brigantine at once altered her course, and hoisted a signal, which, even at that distance, Ned clearly made out; it was to recall boats. This showed him that one or two were out in search of him.

The Indianman made no sign, but kept steadily on her course.

As Ned was going south, with a wind aft, the vessels could only approach him on opposite tacks; so that it became a mere question of time as to which should pick him up. A raft is not easily steered a point from the wind; but Ned, as far as he could, kept it inclined to the westward.

It was quite clear, however, that the brigantine had the advantage, and that, close upon a wind, she sailed better than the three-masted vessel. Still, on reflection, it appeared hardly possible for the rival ships to avoid a collision—which Ned felt convinced both would risk for his sake—Gantling, from many mixed motives; Sir Stephen Rawdon, from pure affection.

However this might be, and whatever the possible result, Ned could do nothing; he was completely in the hands of an overruling Providence. Seated with his feet paddling in the water, and resting on the lower deck of spars, which Dittick had passed under the half-hogheads, as a protection against sharks, Ned took a biscuit or two and some water, for breakfast, watching, now the brigantine, and now the ship.

The two were perhaps a mile distant, when Ned nearly leaped into the sea from sudden terror.

"You young whelp, I've got you!" roared the voice of Grunn, close to his ear; and turning wildly round, Ned saw him—yes, saw him standing upright in the sea, his body, from the waist up, being out of the water.

"Keep off!" cried Ned, recovering himself.

"Not I, you imp of Satan!" bellowed the ruffian; "they've cast me adrift, a—sight worse off nor you—in a—beef-cask, cuss 'em!"

Ned could not help a scream of laughter, as he saw the assertion of the ex-boatswain was true. A large beef-cask had been, by means of weights at bottom, and cross-spars at top, made to float upright, and into this Jabez Grunn had been thrust, as Ned afterward discovered, to look out for himself, with strict injunctions not to come on board without the reeve.

"I'll make your jaw-tackle winch on the other side," cried Jabez, who was paddling close up to Ned, "that I will. I've got a few yards of lawser-laid rope here, and I'll par-buckle you up in this old tub; see if I don't."

"Keep off! or if you come one stroke nearer, you shall have two ounces of lead," said the young midshipman, presenting both pistols.

The face of the boatswain became livid. Since he had been cast adrift, he had sobered himself by a drink of salt water; now he was both hungry and thirsty; and food and drink, and revenge—sweetest of all—were within his reach.

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Next instant Grunn went back—felled like an ox—into the bottom of the boat; while Dittick was hauled into the pinnace, which at once returned toward the Indianman, without further communication with the crew of the pirate.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 73.)

SPORTING SCENES.

ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES.

THE North American wolf is naturally shy; and if we may place confidence in those stories we hear of the ravages committed by the wolves inhabiting some of the mountainous regions of Europe, he is, by comparison with his brethren of the Old World, a very harmless sort of creature. This great mildness of disposition is not, however, owing to any physical deficiency; for, although certainly less voracious than the European wolf, he is somewhat larger and stronger. In America they are rarely known to attack human beings; for, during a long residence in a district where they were rather numerous, I never was able to make out a clear case where a person had been attacked by them. I have, indeed, heard of persons being pursued, or hunted, as the Americans call it, by a number of wolves; but in all such cases the individuals were on horseback; and therefore, the probability is, that the wolves pursued the horses, and not the men. However, from the facts I am about to relate, it would seem otherwise.

A medical gentleman residing not far from the Chemung river, a tributary of the noble Susquehanna, had one night, in the middle of winter, been visiting a sick person at a distance of eight or ten miles from his own house. The country in that vicinity was then quite new, and but very few settlers had encroached on the aboriginal forests. The doctor had been accustomed for some years to travel through those wild regions at all seasons, and at all hours, by day and by night, but never had been in any way molested; nor had he ever had the slightest apprehension of danger from the wolves that were known occasionally to inhabit the surrounding woods. On the night in question, he set off homeward at a late hour, as he frequently had been wont to do; but before he had proceeded far, he became aware of his being pursued by a gang of wolves. The night was exceedingly frosty, but clear and starlit. For a while they were only heard at a distance; but by and by the doctor could clearly distinguish five or six of them in full chase within less than twenty rods of him. The snow being pretty deep at the time, he found it was impossible to leave them; so he made up his mind to quit his horse, and ascend the first tree which appeared favorable for such a purpose. It was not long before such a one offered; and, permitting his horse to go at large, he was permitted the branches in a few seconds, and quite out of the reach of his hungry pursuers. He never doubted but they would continue in pursuit of his horse, which he flattered himself would be able, now that he was relieved from his load, to make his escape. But, to his surprise, he beheld no fewer than eight large wolves come round the tree on which he had taken shelter, and, instead of pursuing his horse, quietly awaited his coming down. Although he had no wish to descend under such circumstances, he was fully aware of the fate that awaited him should he find it expedient to remain until morning in his present situation. To escape from the effects of the keen frost he knew was impossible; and therefore he determined to maintain his position, in spite of the occasional serenading of the party below. What his feelings were during the night, or how the wolves contrived to amuse themselves for so many hours, I can not precisely state; but about the dawn of day they united in a farewell howl, and left the poor, benumbed doctor at liberty to descend. With great difficulty he succeeded in reaching the ground; and with still more, he managed to reach the nearest dwelling, distant about three miles, from whence he was conveyed to his own house in a sleigh. Had his family been aware that the horse had returned without his rider, they undoubtedly would have gone in search of the doctor, and most probably have relieved him from his imprisonment at a much earlier hour. But although the horse had, no doubt, galloped straight to his stable door, the family knew nothing of its arrival until daylight returned.

The doctor did not escape without experiencing the ill effects of roosting for half a dozen hours in a leafless tree, in a severe North American January frost; for a mortification ensuing in both his feet, the only chance of saving his life was by amputating both his legs. However, the doctor yet lives to narrate his adventure, or, as he terms it, "his wolf scrape," and is one of the few instances on record in his part of the world, of having been in real danger of becoming a supper for a few of those hungry animals.

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A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil measurement.

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Cured by Dr. Sherman's Patent Appliance and Dr. Curative, without the injury experienced from the use of trusses. Pamphlets, illustrating bad cases of Rupture, before and after cure, with other information of interest, sent by mail on receipt of ten cents. Address 591y. DR. J. A. SHERMAN, 697 Broadway, N. Y.

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The forthcoming issue of "The Standard Favorites," has a new and a capital a young man of letters.

BEADLE'S DIME NOVELS No. 239, published Tuesday, September 26th, 1871—introduces to the multitude of eager readers, the noted Hunter-Author, Capt. J. F. C. Adams, nephew of the famous "Old Grizzly Adams," in a romance fairly replete of the woods and wild habits of the untamed red-man, viz:

THE OLD ZIP; OR, THE CABIN IN THE AIR!

BY "BRUN" ADAMS, AUTHOR OF "THE PHANTOM PRINCESS," "OLD GRIZZLY," "THE BEAR-TAMER," ETC., ETC.

Living on the "verge of civilization," a settler suddenly found himself encompassed by the fierce Sioux, who, rising in one of their periodic "outbreaks," came down on the Winnebago settlements (1862) to perpetrate awful atrocities.

Old Zip Smith, the noted-trail hunter and Indian-hater, having passed through several of such "uprisings," was not caught unawares, and the stealthy tread of the savage found a stancher foe on their track!

Old Zip was one of those true Knights of the Wilderness who have made our border history memorable—brave, simple-hearted, wise in the lore of the woods; a child in affection to his friends, a whirlwind of terror to his foes.

QUOTATIONS.

Quotations from "The Hunted Heroine" by Joe Fort, Jr.

"Has been the question fully long enough, and I'll answer with, 'I'd rather be a toad.'"

"Alas, poor Yorkie!" and "Lay on Macduff!"

"When we have shuffled off this mortal coil, has got so old that it's begun to spoil."

"The distance lends enchantment to the view."

"I wish it lent enchantment to this line."

"Westward the star of empire takes its way."

"I wish this way would never more cross mine."

"I've heard 'His fallings issued to Virginia's side,' so very often mine are sorely tried."

They say "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," these words have too.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again" will not be crushed in spite of all that you can do.

"I've heard Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, has often caused me wide awake to keep."

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

"Has lost what little beauty it possessed."

"All the world's a stage" is badly played, spoiled by too much rehearsal like the rest."

The fact is that these lines which each one quotes are getting to be much like last year's coats."

They bore into your ear at every turn:

"They're flat!" "This play, play 'tis the true!"

"They're mean!" "Talker's only stock and store, till we go hungering for something new."

"Sure, I've a mind to lay them on the shelf, and write a stock of new ones all myself."

The Hunted Heroine ;

OR,

THE HAWKS OF THE VALLEY.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

It was a balmy evening in the autumn of 1778, when a young girl, galloping through the beautiful but tragic Wyoming valley, suddenly found herself a prisoner of three Tory dragoons, who had sprung from the bushes that lined the road.

"We've caught the spy at last, boys!" cried one, looking into the pale face above the saddle with a triumphant leer.

"Yes, and we'll make short work of her, too. Curse the American adder! She defeated our attack on the rebels last week, and we've been watching for her ever since. I thought we were doomed to watch in vain; but Providence or somebody else has tossed her right into our hands. Come, dismount, my little rebel. We want to hang you."

Catherine Reynolds was unarmed, and in a dangerous situation.

She had incurred the lasting hate of the British and Tories, by conveying information of their whereabouts and designs to the bands of patriots that scoured the country. A large reward was offered for her dead or alive; and it was well known that not a Tory, save Webb Chapin, would spare her life a moment when captured.

A greater villain than Webb Chapin never drew a mercenary sword in a king's service. He commanded a band of Tory cut-throats, whose relentless natures had gained them the appropriate soubriquet of "Hawks of the Valley." His swordspared neither age nor sex; but, as I have said, he would not have struck Catherine Reynolds. At the outbreak of the Revolution he sought her hand; but, knowing his character, it was refused him. He went away vowing that his return would, like Catherine's boasted one, "be the burst of ocean in the earthquake."

During the war, as recorded above, the brave girl aided the Americans with her information, and one night Webb Chapin swooped down upon her home and found it tenantless.

He reduced it to ashes.

Then he hunted far and wide for Catherine; but she was not apprehended until the autumn evening opening our story.

She remained firmly seated in the saddle.

"Get off that horse, I tell you!" cried one of the dragoons, snatched at her inactivity.

"I'll give you a minute to touch ground, and if you still fill that saddle at the end of that time, I'll bring you to the dust with a pistol-ball."

The Tory loosened his grip on the rein to draw his pistol, when Catherine suddenly wheeled her white charger, and dashed away like a flash of light.

The musket of a stalwart Tory struck his shoulder; but, before he could cover the flying girl with his aim, a rifle cracked, and he fell to the ground in the crimson throes of death.

His companions turned and beheld a solitary patriot sweeping down upon them with drawn saber.

They might have dropped him with their pistols; but they concluded to seek safety in flight, and hastily disappeared within the undergrowth, from which they had dashed upon the girl.

The patriot did not turn to pursue. He glanced at the fallen Tory as he rode forward, and seemed bent on overtaking Catherine Reynolds.

All at once he drew his pistol and discharged it in the air.

The echo had not ceased to reverberate down the valley, when the girl suddenly drew rein, and cantered back toward the soldier.

She had recognized the report of his pistol.

"Catherine," said the soldier, "I thank God that I arrived in time to save your life. But why rode you forth unattended?"

"I was going to see the Beatts. I thought that the valley was cleared of our enemies. For days I have not seen a sign of them."

"They are far from leaving without you, girl," he said. "They want you. Their spies have every road, armed for your death. You have been worth a regiment to us during this bloody struggle, and you must be saved. They lie low for you."

"Where were you going, Rodney?"

"To the hidden hut. I came to tell you that to-morrow, at sunrise, I bring my band thither to conduct you to New York."

"I am not afraid to remain," she said, bravely.

"I am well aware of that, my little girl; but, somebody loves you, you know, and he must not lose you."

A crimson blush suffused her cheeks, and Rodney Foos tried, but in vain, to kiss it away, as they rode along.

At last they reached a diminutive hut, nestling in a gloomy valley. It was so surrounded by trees and bushes that it had escaped the eyes of the British spies. Beyond its door Catherine Reynolds, the hunted heroine of the Revolution, had dwelt for six months with no companion save a faithful canine, and now and then a visit from her lover—beardless, but manly, Rodney Foos.

After entering the structure, Catherine prepared a frugal meal, and the night was

far advanced when the patriot bade her farewell, until the god of day should salute the eastern horizon.

He rode swiftly back to his encampment to prepare for the march. His band slightly outnumbered the Tory's, but were poorly armed. This the "Hawks of the Valley" knew, and they never shrunk from an encounter with the patriots.

Daybreak was not far distant when a spy rode into the patriot camp, with the startling information that Catherine's hidden home had been discovered at last, and that the entire Tory band was marching thither, intending to take the brave girl hence.

Webb Chapin headed the black squadron.

Ten minutes later the patriots were in the saddle, riding like the wind for the hidden home.

In front of the hut stretched a little plain, and, as the patriots gained it, from a wood to their right burst the Tory band!

The next instant sabers flashed from their scabbards, and the rising sun beheld the shock of battle.

For one hour the conflict raged with varying fortunes. Charges and counter-charges were the order of that cool autumn morn, and, at last, the Tories began to give way. The Americans fought as Americans had never fought before. They knew that the life of one who had saved them from midnight surprises, depended upon the result of the battle, and the thought threw Herculean strength into their right arms, and lent material aid to the victory.

With an oath, Webb Chapin saw his troop sullenly retire, disputing the sanguinary inch by inch.

All at once he wheeled his bloody steed, and dashed from the conflict.

With drawn saber he flew toward the hidden home, where Catherine Reynolds trembled for the result of the struggle.

Suddenly a horseman rode from the patriots' ranks, and bore down upon the Tory.

Then, as if by mutual agreement, the sounds of conflict ceased, and the foes watched the two horsemen.

It was an exciting chase.

Which would first gain the secluded hut?

When the Tory entered the copse that surrounded Catherine's house, Rodney Foos was thundering at his heels.

The villain reached the hut, and sprung to the ground to confront his patriot rival and enemy.

At daybreak I took a good look at their sign, an' discovered that the b'ar war usen to comin' down ther gully; in fact, it war his reg'lar beat.

"Arter thinkin' ther bizines over a bit, I determined to try ther dead-fall game onto him, an' wif ther help uv ther Hoosiers an' Nick, I rigged ther trap an' got it done a hour by sun."

"I didn't say nothin' neither did the b'ar. Yur see, I war only takin' his measure, an' so he trotted along outen sight over a spur below ther mouth uv ther canyon."

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to afore I roped him at last. It shows the critter's game, an' I jess wouldn't give a darn fur anythin' as hadn't sand in its craw. To be sartinly, Samp hain't no eraw, but he's got the sand somechaw, yer kin gamble onto it heavy."

"Fight? Oh, no! Samp wouldn't fight. Why, he's as tinnerson' es a suckin' duck, is Samp?"

"Cuss it all, Grizzly! go on wif ther tellin' how yer snaked him," growled the old ranger again.

"Well, then, me an' a Californy chap, Nick Merrime war his name, hed been up in the Nevadys ther season, an' while ther we run ag'in a camp as hed about a dozen er so Hoosiers, es they called 'em, into it, an' we found 'em in a terrible state uv excitement over a big b'ar as hed been raisin' ole scratch all over ther kentry around."

"They sed they hed shot away a most all ther powder an' lead at the varmint, but he didn't seem to mind ther bullets a bit more'n ef they'd 'a been gully pes fired outen a paw-paw pop-gun."

"At ther time I war in wants uv jess sech a b'ar es that; an' so, arter lookin' at ther critter's trail, an' seein' thet he war a buster, I determined to give up t'other hunt an' go fur him."

"The kentry about the camp war a wild one. 'Twur right plum in ther mount'ins, an' yer all knows what ther Nevadys ar—jess sech a stampin'-groun' es ole Eph likes best."

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